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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
JANUARY, 1929

Correspondence

Armistice Day and Pacifism

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SIR,—Will you kindly grant me space to take up Mr. Leslie R. Aldous's challenge?

Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, the more active of the two joint presidents of the League of Nations Union, is not an anti-patriot, but seems to find patriotism and the Union a difficult pair to drive in double harness. It is well known that at the plenary sittings of the League of Nations Assembly (as distinct from its committees) the bulk of the speeches are addressed not so much to those actually present as to the readers of newspapers in the speaker's own country; and it was presumably for the benefit of the League of Nations Union in England that at the Seventh Assembly Lord Cecil argued at some length that patriotism could not be an unmitigated vice, since it had been observed to exist in persons otherwise of good character. And Lord Cecil resigned his position in the Cabinet because his colleagues were not sufficiently humble in face of American arrogance.

Vice-Admiral S. R. Drury-Lowe, who is understood to have retired from the navy earlier than he need in order to devote himself to Union propaganda, has asserted in my hearing that it is wrong to consider one's own country's interests first.

London meetings of the Union are habitually addressed by such notorious pacifists and internationalists as Professor Gilbert Murray, Professor Noel Baker, Mr. W. E. Arnold Forster, and Mrs. Swanwick.

I am aware of Mr. Baldwin's speech, quoted by Mr. Aldous; I am also aware that the League of Nations Union is almost, if not quite, the only political organization which has the bad taste to drag the King's name into discussion.

Yours, etc.,

W. G. CARLTON HALL.

The Murderer—Sane *and* Insane

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SIR,—The articles dealing with Capital Punishment in the July and November issues of THE ENGLISH REVIEW have occasioned me much interest.

I venture to suggest that in a few cases it is possible that the murderer may be sane at the time of the crime and insane after his

It may be true that a man is known by the company he keeps. An even more reliable indication of his character is to be drawn from the tobacco he smokes. Of the man who smokes Chairman we can deduce with certainty that he is, first, one relishing solid comfort. Chairman's coolness and flavour bring long hours of pleasure which effectively and finally supplement a warm fire, a deep chair, a good book and one's favourite glass.

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conviction. This may sound absurd, but let me try to make clear my argument.

As Mr. Carlton Hall points out in your November issue, the desire to kill one's enemies is the expression of a natural instinct the free play of which was encouraged among primitive peoples. In that case murder itself is "natural" in the biological sense of the word. But these primitive ancestors of ours, when they had killed to their heart's content, probably thought no more about it, as, indeed, killing was regarded as a daily event of no intrinsic importance except with regard to the spoils which might accrue from the slaughter of one's enemies.

The present-day murderer, however, is in a different position. He knows that he has done wrong and broken the law, as is proved by his efforts to avoid apprehension, and the factor of guilt then arises.

Now it is well known to neurologists, especially those of the psycho-analytic school, that real or imagined guilt may be productive of severe nervous disorders—frequently of an intractable nature—and who can tell what ramifications the sense of guilt may not have and what abnormal mental mechanisms it may not set in motion?

Let us suppose the murderer is brought to book, tried, convicted, and then condemned to an anticipation of death while awaiting the day of execution in his cell. Is it not possible that, with a certain type of temperament the prolonged and intensive strain produced by the arrest, examination, and court proceedings, added to the inevitable shock produced on the system of any man by the pronouncement of the Death Penalty, may lead to an exacerbation of the initial symptoms of abnormality due to guilt and transmute the original "neurosis" into a full-blown "psychosis," accompanied by a rapidly encroaching emotional dementia (of which the so-called "callousness" of many murderers while awaiting death gives evidence), the *terminal* stage of nearly all serious mental diseases (schizophrenic conditions in particular) affording every indication that the condemned should now be placed in the hands of the alienist, not of the executioner?

It can hardly be maintained that to be tried for one's life is a condition natural to man. No instinct—not even McDougall's "submissive" instinct—plays a part therein, and as the shocks and stresses of war were responsible for the onset of many rapidly evolving mental illnesses, is it not probable that the corresponding shocks and stresses of peace grafted on to the sense of guilt, may also be the genesis of similar pathogenic conditions transforming the sane murderer (going on the assumption that he is sane) into an insane one?

Yours, etc.,

JOHN MCLENNAN BOYD.

Glasgow.

Against Prohibition

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Charles M. Cist's defence of prohibition in your last issue is difficult to reconcile with the opinions expressed by many American public men. Your correspondent suggests that the law was not initiated and forced through by fanatics. The Anti-Saloon League, which was primarily responsible for "dry" laws, is mainly composed of fanatics, who, by the use of very deceptive propaganda, managed

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to persuade many unbiased individuals that the only way to get rid of some of the saloons which were of a low class and objectionable—was by total prohibition. Before it was realized what the actual result would be, the Volstead Act was passed. Since then people have had time to review the position, and many are very dissatisfied, but the question has now become so involved, and mixed up with other political questions, that the recent election has not given the voters a chance to show their dislike for the law.

With reference to your correspondent's remarks as to the renown of England under the Protectorate as compared with her disrepute after the Restoration; this hardly affects the prohibition argument as the Quakers of those days were not all teetotallers, and it is said of the soldiers who fought for the Parliament that they could on all occasions outdrink the Royalists. Cromwell himself was not always a teetotaller. It should also be remembered that England gained even more renown during the roystering hard-drinking days of "Good Queen Bess," and the port-drinking days of Queen Victoria.

The statement that American drink saloons were the centres of social and political corruption is not evidence against alcoholic beverages, but against the character of Americans in those days, and the method of sale of drinks. Nobody would be foolish enough to suggest that our public-houses are centres of corruption.

Workmen should have the right to spend their money how they like. Abraham Lincoln said: "I believe each individual is naturally entitled to do as he pleases with himself and the fruit of his labour, so far as it in nowise interferes with any other man's rights."

Mr. Cist states that unemployment has ceased to exist in America; according to official figures there are 4½ millions of unemployed persons

in the States, a greater proportion than in "wet" England. American prosperity is the result of the war and the country's natural wealth, not of prohibition.

Your correspondent said that the "bootlegger" is an outlaw and is relatively negligible. According to the *Sunday Times* of November 13, 1927, Mr. John W. H. Crim, formerly Assistant Attorney-General of the U.S.A., expressed the view that as a conservative estimate at least £5,000,000 changes hands every day as graft between those who deal in liquor. If this huge sum is graft only, what must the deals be worth? Mr. Beck, late Attorney-General, a few years ago, also expressed the opinion that the bad effects of prohibition outweighed the good ones.

Yours, etc.,

R. G. FIFE.

Durban House,
Seafield Road, Hove.

In Favour of Prohibition

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I should like to add to what Mr. Charles M. Cist has said on the subject of prohibition. I have seen the effects of it in some places, and heard of it in others. My first experience was in Newfoundland, which I knew in the old days, and I have never seen such a change, or believed such a change possible in such a short time. I was there in the 'eighties, and again in 1906, and the misery, squalor, and unhealthiness of the women and children were pitiable sights. The cause of the tragedy could be seen when the sealing and fishing fleets came in, and the men's wages went into the drink shops.

In 1919 I was in Newfoundland for some months while preparing an aeroplane for a flight. The former squalid dwellings of the poorer classes had become decent little houses; the children were fat, healthy, and happy, and the mothers and fathers kindly, hospitable people, with whom I have often supped. I asked what had happened, and was told: "We have had prohibition during the war, and the drink bill has ceased, and instead, Ford cars, gramophones, good food, and houses have taken its place."

The place I stayed at in Canada for some time was also "suffering" from the want of drink. I went with a house party to a dance at the Town Hall, and was told that before the war they could not have gone, as most of the men would have been drunk, but that all the young men whom one saw there had never tasted drink, and didn't want it, because they had not learnt to like the taste.

I went right across the States in 1919 and came back in 1920. It is not generally known in Great Britain that there are many States in the U.S.A. who have had prohibition for a great many years. My host in California told me how much he would dislike prohibition, and did dislike it when it came in (for the law came in while I was staying with him). Yet, he added: "It must be right. I manage my mother's ranches in Oregon, where they have had prohibition for twenty-five years. If you tried to put drink back there, they would secede from the States. You see, they can still remember, more especially the

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women, the horrible life they led in the old days of drink. Now they have cars, and all sorts of luxuries bought with the money that their husbands used to expend upon drink."

I spoke to many big men in business, and they all told me that their output had increased 10 per cent. from prohibition, and that the accidents in the factories (which used to be of great frequency on Mondays, after the week-end drink) amongst the few men who turned up, had now been replaced by a full complement of workmen on that day without any injuries happening to them. One of the Republican representatives at the big party gathering at Chicago informed me that the poor-houses and lunatic asylums were disappearing with great rapidity in the six months since prohibition had come in in those States which had not previously had it.

A former Governor of Ellis Island informed me that in every case of investigating an immigrant of weak intellect or criminal propensities, he had found that the individual's parents or grandparents had been addicted to alcoholism.

The leading millionaire in Kansas, who originally went to America as a boy from a Derbyshire village, told me that Kansas had had prohibition for thirty years, and as a result the office of sheriff had become practically defunct; they had had no one in the State prison for fifteen years; poor-houses had vanished; unemployment was non-existent; and lunatics had ceased to be bred.

The bankers gave information of the extraordinary increase in savings amongst the mass of the people. I was also told that the pessimists who had prophesied unemployment from the closing down of the drink factories had been entirely mistaken. Instead of making drink they were making other articles for the good and amusement of the people. These things were easily sold on account of there being no wine bills or liquor bills to pay.

To come back to our own country. Does anybody like wine or spirits the first time that they drink them? I have not met anyone that did. This shows that it is an acquired habit and taste. Does anyone training for a big job, physical or mental, sport or business, assist himself by drinking? Drink may be useful as a medicine, but the value even of this is lost if it becomes a habit.

Think over the above facts, and afterwards one may well ask oneself the question: "After all, perhaps there is something in prohibition!"

The mass of the people and their work make the prosperity of a nation. America is the most prosperous country in the world, and the mass of the people are now teetotallers. A small minority of the leisured class drink too much because they don't like being told not to drink at all, and spend enormous sums on it in order to show authority that they will not be dictated to in their own homes. Their action is almost comparable to that of the rich young man who committed suicide because the authorities wouldn't let him become a highwayman on his native heath.

Yours, etc.,

MARK KERR.

19 Draycott Avenue,
Chelsea.

THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

JANUARY, 1929

Current Comments

THE King's illness has cast a shadow over the close of 1928. As I write, there is little to lighten the anxiety which is felt not only throughout the British Empire but on the Continent and in America. In a changing world the traditions of the British monarchy seem to remain unchanged. Just because this is so, few realize to what an extent these traditions derive from the personal quality of the reigning house. Today the monarchy is the symbol of national unity and the rallying point for all those sympathies and emotions to which we must look in times of stress for our capacity as a nation to rise superior to personal considerations and party ties. But what a change from a hundred years ago when the monarchy was alternately a pawn or a dominating influence in the party game, when lampoons and caricatures were the order of the day and when half society was in subdued revolt against the social standards of the Court. It is a matter of mere historical fact that the monarchy as it was in those days could not have survived such critical years as those which our generation has known. Today, the opposite is the case. The monarchy, independent, democratic, unprejudiced, is the best guarantee of internal order and of imperial unity. It would have gone hardly with a British republic in the last fourteen years. To the personal qualities of Queen Victoria and her descendants this great and significant change in public sympathies is due.

The King

SUCH is the tyranny of the calendar that the arbitrary divisions that it makes in our lives tend to become real. It is a commonplace among historical students that centuries have a character. *Fin de siècle* is merely the reflection of a fact. The world grows weary with time and only the fiction of a new epoch can renew its enthusiasm. Ten

1928

years ago the end of the war produced, out of its season and with results singularly disastrous, the same self-induced optimism. The shattered nerves of mankind could not face the renewal of the old life. Men would as soon have gone on fighting as returned to July 1914, when there were no dreams and no visions and even in Wales successive dawns produced only the same old day. I fancy we should not be far wrong if we wrote down 1928 as the year that has seen the last ebb of those foolish fancies which we associate with what is absurdly called the "reconstruction" period. We are getting ready today to face the prospect of going back to 1914. We are even prepared, some of us, to face the certainty that in the lifetime of most of us we shall not succeed in getting back there.

Ten Years of Open Diplomacy

THE international politics of the last ten years have been most notable and will be chiefly remembered for the failure of open diplomacy. With President Wilson's ideal of open covenants no one will quarrel, but the attempt to arrive at them openly has been a disastrous failure. Almost every embitterment of national feeling in the last ten years has been due to the public discussion of international arrangements. The decade of conferences has ended in an atmosphere of disillusion, in growing armaments, in a tangle of pacts, treaties and understandings. Happily there are signs that public opinion will soon enforce an ending to this orgy of folly. Statesmen inevitably lag behind, but they will not be allowed to do so indefinitely. The risks of another war are altogether too great. We must have ten years' silence if we are to have for the first time in our generation ten years of peace. Nations must be content to accept each other as they are and to compete with each other commercially, and must abandon the attempt to secure advantages over each other by means of international "agreements." When the world is ready to sign the pact against pacts, we can begin to look forward with confidence to the future. There are signs that the world is rapidly approaching that measure of sanity. But it must do so quickly.

You cannot build a new Europe without destroying the old. You cannot alter the traditions of old civilizations or set an arbitrary limit to the development of younger nationalities. Left to themselves these forces will work themselves out. Compressed into an arbitrary scheme based on mutual repression, the resulting pressure will end in a disastrous explosion.

Why is the World Arming?

It is idle to deny that today the signs are ominous. Armaments are being piled up and threatening speeches are heard from Moscow, Rome, and New York. But if we analyse the situation, we find that these speeches give no necessary cause for alarm. One and all are protests, not against things as they are, but against the threats of diplomatists to mobilize sectional interests in the enforcement of some change in international relationships. The Anglo-American squabbles of the past year have been in no way due to the disinclination of either nation to accept a parity of armaments but to the suspicions that under cover of a formula to ensure parity each side was endeavouring to secure an advantage. The aggressive attitude of Moscow, flaunting vast armaments, is due to the fear that the right of the Russian people to choose their own government is menaced by the threat of an economic boycott. Italy in her turn refuses to credit the sincerity of great Powers rapidly increasing their naval and military strength while they preach from the bank-top the iniquity of war. The reassuring fact is that no nation wishes to disturb the *status quo*. Their hostility is to the dreams of the ingenious busybodies who are still trying to do so. No doubt these busybodies are dreaming of peace but they cannot excuse themselves by their good intentions. To their argument that it was the old balance of power, the old unrestricted freedom of nations which led to war there is one conclusive answer. The war of 1914 was caused by the efforts of the Central Powers to disturb the balance of power, by their challenge to the freedom of nations. A new challenge to old civilizations and the deep-rooted traditions of peoples will have the same result.

A New Year Resolution

To preserve peace all we have to do is to turn our back once and for all on the diplomatic ineptitudes of the last ten years. We have to resolve to go our own way without envy or malice, to be content to see other nations doing the same, and to leave the world as we find it. Unhampered by alliances, undeterred by the perorations of professors, we can live at peace with each and all of the different civilizations which make up the commonwealth of nations. If, on the other hand, in pursuit of some academic ideal, we take up the task of disarming this nation or that, revising this treaty here and making a new one there, we shall only do our share in creating the war which we are trying to avoid. In other words, we have to realize that the loose generalizations of the reconstruction period are as useless abroad as they have proved at home. We have discovered at long last that the land fit for heroes can only be made by the heroes themselves, and not by any legislative device. Cannot we agree also that the new world can come only in the course of historical evolution, and not from the frenzied conferences of overworked politicians? Peace depends not on the willingness of lions to lie down with lambs, but on their willingness to lie down with each other. We do not encourage this by the process of offering the lambs a share of the other lion's food. This vicarious generosity is apt to be misunderstood, and if the roar with which it is greeted is only a roar of laughter, it is a matter of undeserved good fortune.

The Passing of the Great Captains

1928 has seen the death of two great military leaders of the war, Haig and Falkenhayn; of Admiral von Scheer, who led the German fleet at Jutland; and of Lord Oxford, who did more than any other man to bring England into the war as a united and enthusiastic nation in 1914. It is certain that time will see Lord Oxford's reputation raised high above that of his contemporaries. It is usually said, even by his admirers, that he was not a great war minister, but I doubt if history will endorse this verdict. He was responsible for our entry into the war, for the dispatch

of our expeditionary force, for the appointment of Lord Kitchener to the War Office, and for the introduction of compulsory service by consent in 1916. That his was actually the deciding voice in these four things is certain. That the executive measures which laid the foundation of our military power and so led directly to the victory of 1918 were of his own planning is not pretended, but his diaries dispose finally of the legend that these measures were imposed on him by his colleagues. The test of statesmanship is not a record bare of mistakes, but a record of things done which made a difference, and which, under other leadership, might not have been done.

LORD HAIG'S reputation is in one sense equally secure. He pursued with unflinching tenacity one road to victory. He won his victory, and the question whether it could have been won earlier or elsewhere must remain merely debatable; certainly it will always be debated, but history looks more to the results than to the methods, and about the result there can be no dispute.

Haig and Falkenhayn

Von Falkenhayn will rank differently. He had a chance of outstanding success. He saw it and lost it. He retrieved the strategic defeat of the Marne, and turned to the Eastern front. It is fashionable today to give the credit for the brilliant successes against Russia, not only at Tannenburg but later, to Hoffman rather than to Hindenburg, Ludendorff or Falkenhayn, who throughout 1915 was in supreme command. But the decision to launch the great offensive of 1915 was Falkenhayn's, and had he had the courage to open the battle again farther north in the August of that year, and so to prevent the Russian armies escaping, broken indeed but still united, to a new line, history might have been different. The Allies and von Falkenhayn became nervous about the West at the same time. While Ludendorff was being denied the troops he wanted for his turning movement north of Warsaw, we were meditating the evacuation of Gallipoli. Neither side got the chance again, and the issue of the war was settled by other men and other methods.

ADMIRAL VON SCHEER'S claim to fame stands or falls with the claim of the Germans to the victory at Jutland.

Admiral von Scheer

No doubt, given the balance of forces, von Scheer fought a creditable fight, but the balance of forces remained unaltered at the end, and England held the seas to the end without further challenge from the German battlefleet. If it is true that von Scheer's withdrawal after Jutland was the result not of luck, but of skill, it is impossible to imagine why no second engagement was forced on our fleet. The day the Grand Fleet was defeated, Germany would have won the war. The only possible answer is that von Scheer did not expect to escape a second time. If so, he was wise to remain in his harbours, but equally he was not the victor of Jutland.

AT home the year has been marked by such unmistakable reaction from political remedies for industrial depression that I cannot share the general expectation of a Conservative defeat. True enough, the reaction expresses itself in a pretty general condemnation of Mr. Baldwin's handling of the unemployment problem, but the energy with which organized labour is applying itself to conciliation and co-operation with the employers suggests that they have no real faith in the ability of an alternative (Labour) Government to do better. It is much the same with the employers. Certain sections are clinging to the belief that safeguarding, cheap money, even inflation, can work magic; but the movement towards a thoroughgoing reorganization from within is strong, and will get stronger, especially if Mr. Baldwin realizes in time that in safeguarding he has a weapon ready to hand to enforce reorganization on reactionary employers. Lord Melchett, as strong for safeguarding today as he used to be for free trade, has nevertheless taken a firm stand on this point, and has publicly urged the Government to insist on all industries putting their own house in order before claiming the "privilege" of a protective tariff. He realizes, as do all serious students, that we have to work towards lower and not higher prices, if we are to recapture our export trade and so absorb our unemployed. He

The Home Front in 1928

realizes also that people who imagine that by selling less abroad we can grow richer at home are ignorant of the very A.B.C. of economics.

The New Realism

LORD MELCHETT'S conversion to safeguarding is as symptomatic a sign of the reaction from political solutions of industrial problems as is the unpopularity of the strike weapon among Labour leaders today. It is typical of the new realism, which may well change the face of this country and may even affect our political institutions. The danger lies in the gulf at present fixed between the leaders of capital and labour, the economists, the merchants and the official classes on the one side and the politicians on the other. The politicians, of course, know the facts as well as anyone and admit it in private, but they preserve in public an unquenchable optimism, and, in pursuit of votes, do not hesitate to foster almost cynically those illusions which are destroying the moral fibre and the economic stability of the country. All three parties are alike. Only the other day Mr. Baldwin announced proudly in Scotland that 169,000 people in Scotland alone were, as he spoke, drawing some form of pension from public funds which but for his activities they would not have been drawing. Yet in private Labour leaders will agree with the most unbending reactionaries about the real effects of this wholesale bribery. To say that it creates as much want as it relieves is unfortunately an understatement. Our taxation *per head* is the heaviest in the world; so is our proportion of unemployed. It is impossible to calculate the measure of avoidable suffering which the reckless social legislation of the last ten years has inflicted on the community. It is sufficient to note that ten years after the war one in every forty of the population is in receipt of poor relief. It may seem hard in the face of these appalling figures to justify any measure of optimism. The answer is that it is the decline in the fatuous optimism of other people which is the healthy and hopeful sign. The year 1928 has at least seen the beginnings of a sense of realities among the leaders of non-political opinion. If 1929 sees a return to political sanity also, it may be the first of a decade of prosperity at home as well as of peace abroad.

POLITICAL sanity can hardly, it may be urged, be expected from politicians on the eve of a general election. I believe that the sanest party will win. Little as I believe in the inherent wisdom of democracies, I refuse to think that the cruel and bitter lessons of the last ten years have been lost on the majority of people. The Trade Union leaders, vigorously trampling on the advanced wing of their own party, and actively working out new policies, quite obviously think that the opinion of the rank and file of the Unions is moving to the right and not to the left. Mr. Lloyd George naturally will promise new worlds from sheer force of habit and Mr. MacDonald will keep him company. If Mr. Baldwin joins in the competition of perorations, he will certainly lose the election. If he promises nothing, he may well return to power. But this does not mean that any negative policy will bring success. It is here that a brief survey of the known effects of ten years of progressive legislation can be useful.

Sanity and the General Election

I DEALT in some detail last month with the causes of unemployment. A very bald summary must suffice here. The chief cause has been the attempt to force up the standard of living in this country while our customers were suffering from an unexampled impoverishment, instead of basing the higher standard which was within our reach on a sound foundation of stable trade. So long as the process of inflation was going on abroad, other countries were able to buy from us. Directly this inflation stopped (whether before or after bankruptcy was immaterial) the high prices of British goods denied them a market. Instead of admitting the fact, the Government proceeded to aggravate the disease by pulling back the £ sterling to gold parity. This process added to the relative burden of our internal debt and by reducing internal prices and raising the value of our currency abroad precipitated those conflicts between capital and labour which still further damaged our position in the export market.

The Causes of Unemployment

SOME of these evils might have been temporary and others might have had counterbalancing advantages but for the "remedies" adopted to meet the resulting unemployment. The chief of these was the long defunct out-of-work donation gradually merged in the so-called unemployment insurance scheme and supplemented by out-relief in varying scales. The results of these different measures have been uniformly bad. Not only have they increased the burden of taxation, but they have enabled the trade unions to face the contraction in employment without modifying, as the needs of the time demanded, their own restrictive measures. Finally, they have exercised a moral influence wholly pernicious. Two instances of this will suffice. The Ministry of Health states that there is now a regular increase in out-relief in holiday times. In other words, the British workman, formerly the most self-reliant in the world, now applies for public assistance as the first and not as the last resource. An even more striking instance is the arrangement prevalent in the north of England where employers and employed have agreed in certain industries to work only such a number of days per week as will enable the men to claim unemployment benefit for the remainder of it. That this is nothing less than a method of appropriating other people's contributions to the unemployment fund as an unauthorized subsidy is obvious. That this corrupt bargain between capital and labour should be tolerated shows how low have fallen our standards of political morality. The idea that subsidies of this kind can be paid indefinitely out of other people's money measures the decline of the ordinary Englishman in political sagacity and common sense. For this decline the politicians must take nine-tenths of the blame. The people of this country have been living in a fool's paradise, but it was a paradise built by their rulers and not by themselves.

Fallacious Remedies

THE effect of direct and personal State subventions has been intensified by the expansion each year of indirect subventions. On education, on health, on old age and widows' pensions, public money has been poured out. How could anyone casually observing the process imagine

The Nemesis of "Social Services"

that the State purse was anything but bottomless? Certainly no one has helped them to imagine otherwise. Politicians have ascribed unemployment to every conceivable cause except the true one. Even today Conservative politicians can be found who blame the wickedly hard-working foreigner—French or German according to taste—for the results of their own profligate policy. There is happily every reason to suppose that the majority of the nation are wiser, or at any rate more courageous in facing facts than their rulers. It is certain that that party which accepts first, and does the most to further, the conclusions of the growing number of realists will be the party which will command the confidence of the country.

Rationalization

THE first step is "rationalization"; and here the Government in power has an opportunity necessarily denied to the other parties. It has the power to enforce very substantial measures of reorganization. Mr. Baldwin has already stated his own convictions, but he has nullified the wisdom of his premises by the impotence of the conclusions. Reorganization, he has said, is essential, but it must be carried out without Government interference. He hopes that it will be. This pious optimism will not carry the Conservative Party to victory at the polls. A strong insistence on immediate and drastic reforms may very well do so.

Unemployment Insurance

THE next step is the reform of unemployment insurance. The present scandal must stop. The unemployment insurance fund is not the property of the Government to be used to soothe their own consciences or to win the votes of tender-hearted electors. It is the property of the working men who contribute to it, and it is their interests which the Government must consult. Benefits out of the fund must be actuarially related to the annual contributions and must be confined strictly to those who contribute regularly. The object of the scheme is to ensure to every one normally in regular employment a full living wage should he, by ill-health or misfortune, be temporarily out of work. The thrift and industry of the contributors should be reflected in a rising

scale of benefits, and to this end the accumulation of a surplus should be the first task of the administrators. Instead, the whole of the contributions that are received from one section (a great majority) of the community are being paid out to a small minority. No one would suggest that the able-bodied unemployed who have been more or less permanently out of work for many months should be denied relief; but, if there is any honesty or fairness left in this country, the problem of relieving these men must be recognized as one for the poor law. The pretence that an occasional week's employment "entitles" a man to unemployment benefit as a matter of right is a flimsy and demoralizing one. It blinds the public and the unemployed themselves to the real facts. The real truth is that an unemployed man who is not, and has not been, a regular contributor to the unemployment insurance fund has no claim to assistance except from the guardians or their successors.

The Administrative Scandal

THE next step in the control of payments to the unemployed is the frank recognition of the administrative problem. At present odious and inquisitorial methods are forced on the officials administering unemployment insurance. The duty is imposed on various officials of satisfying themselves that applicants for benefit are genuinely seeking work, and, in the face of the notorious fact that a relatively small minority are not, they are forced into a system of private inquiries and confidential reports. The necessary solution is, first, to abolish the requirement of seeking work and to concentrate on the circumstances in which a man or woman leaves his employment. This is a question of fact. The other can never be more than one of opinion. The next step is to make a definite ruling that any man who refuses work offered him through a labour exchange at trade union rates which in the opinion of the employer he is capable of performing shall be disentitled either to out-relief or benefit. The third step is to increase as soon as practicable the rates of benefit to an amount substantially in excess of that obtainable under the poor law. This will act as a direct incentive to every one to secure and remain in employment for the relatively long period which will be

necessary, under the suggested regulations, to qualify for benefit.

THESE suggestions have, I believe, tangible administrative advantages. The principal argument for some such amendment of existing practice is, however, not economic, but moral. This country has got to re-learn the very alphabet of common sense. We are breeding men who lean on the State; who look to other people to maintain them in every one of life's emergencies. I refuse to believe that they do so consciously. I cling, perhaps foolishly, but obstinately, to the belief that Englishmen are still at heart proud of being independent. These men who line up for out-of-work benefit have been led to believe that they have a right to it; that it is not a dole or a charity, but a repayment of something which they themselves have given to the State. There are, of course, some who are more cynical, but they are a minority. And with the rest of the public it is much the same. People believe, because the machinery of life goes on even in the centres of distress, that all is well. Once what is in fact poor relief is seen to be poor relief, not only the individual, but the public conscience will be shocked. To understand the facts and face them will be the beginning of a movement which will end by conquering them.

The Moral Issue

THIS leads me to what should be the culminating point in the Conservative programme. The party should go to the country preaching the gospel of self-reliance, challenging the false and corrupting philosophies which teach men to look to the State to shoulder their responsibilities. If this missionary enterprise loses seats, then seats must be lost. But what reason is there to suppose that it will? It is seldom the popular cause which wins. It is a truism that you can best unite a people by an appeal to self-sacrifice, and divide them soonest by an appeal to self-interest. The party which can first be induced to tell the truth is the party which is going to rule. The decade of illusion is over. The decade of realism begins.

A New Crusade

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

Political Unrest.—There is a lot of political unrest in France. Any reconstructed Government is naturally weakened. Disgruntled, but disciplined, Radical Socialists are showing their teeth in the Chamber and voting fairly solidly against M. Poincaré. But hard facts are on the side of the Prime Minister, and it would seem certain that, having stabilized the franc, M. Poincaré, or at any rate M. Tardieu, will be allowed to complete the programme of financial sanitation by settling the question of debts and reparations. The hard truth of the situation is that politicians, like every one else, are delighted when they find somebody courageous or foolish enough to collect taxes. This necessary work is being done with great efficiency by the Poincaré administration, and no politician envies him his job. The Radical Socialists are probably counting upon the next elections to carry them back to their usual position of power. In the meantime their strength has been sapped by the case of the *Gazette du Franc*, in which many of their men are concerned.

The Gazette du Franc Scandal.—This scandal is so typically French that it is worthy of close study. First of all it is run by a woman, Madame Hanau, who has her divorced husband as her chief assistant. She started, with capital the origin of which is not clearly known, the *Gazette du Franc*, a paper with the patriotic programme of supporting M. Poincaré's campaign for the financial salvation of the country. This organ gave birth to a number of bucket-shops, all with imposing titles, which, by appealing to the credulity of the most suspicious and also the most avaricious people of civilization managed to drain some two hundred million francs from the famous *bas de laine* of the thrifty French. The extent of this enterprising woman's operations has not yet been ascertained. Through her branches she persuaded large numbers of folk, who live just on the right side of poverty, to enter "blind pools." These confiding creatures sent their money along to the *Gazette du Franc* and its auxiliaries in return for a promised yield of 40 or 50 per cent. on their investment. The crash of this concern has coincided with the discomforture of M. Lucien Klotz, who was Minister of Finance in M. Clemenceau's victory

Cabinet. He has followed a number of eminent French politicians to the lunatic asylum, and is to stand his trial, unless the doctors decide to the contrary, on charges of issuing worthless cheques and forging bills.

These two scandals naturally do not increase the prestige of the Republic; but it must be frankly admitted that they do not damage it very much. The public has been so educated to believe that its rulers are rogues that only a tremendous convulsion, such as that of Panama, could further shake their confidence in politicians.

Reparations. — M. Poincaré has more than this domestic dirty linen to wash. He is faced with the necessity of getting on with the problem of debts and reparations. It cannot be said that the fifty-third meeting of the Council of the League of Nations has notably advanced towards a solution of these two questions. Greatly daring, the Council has ventured, in spite of the Monroe doctrine, to remind Bolivia and Paraguay of the contractual duties imposed upon them as members of the League of Nations. The long-drawn-out conversations between London, Paris, and Berlin with regard to the appointment of an Experts' Reparations Committee, have been rounded off, but we are far from the day when every European country will feel itself secure against aggression, and therefore able to accept an equitable settlement of war liabilities. Without that sense of security any reparations' arrangement is idle talk.

The French Colonies.—Field-Marshal Lyautey's visit to London, and the departure of that great believer in Anglo-French amity, General Gouraud, for India, have aroused a momentary interest in the French Colonies. Next year, if all goes well, there will be an International Colonial Exhibition at Vincennes, which will open the eyes of even our own colonial administrators to the vast wealth France has acquired in her colonies in Asia and in Africa. Under economic pressure resulting from the war French youth is actually emigrating to the Colonies, no longer with the idea of making a rapid fortune and returning to live in a stucco villa on the banks of the Seine, but with the resolve to settle permanently across the seas. French colonies still suffer from the vices of Napoleonic centralization of government; graft grows almost as luxuriantly as cotton and rubber; and the ever-active hand of the politician is always to the fore in

throttling economic development. Nevertheless, the natural wealth of the huge chunk of Northern and Western Africa which is coloured French is too great to find a permanent resting-place in the pockets of politicians. While we are still arguing about the construction of a Channel tunnel, the French have already brought within measurable time the prospect of an irrigation system which will convert the Sahara into a vast granary, and their engineers are planning a trans-Saharan railway.

The King.—A country with a republican regime is perhaps better placed than one "groaning under a monarchy" to appreciate the value of kings. The way in which Great Britain, let alone the British Empire, hangs together is an utter mystery to the logical, political mind of the Latin. It is also a matter of some envy, for they see in our policies a continuity which is singularly lacking from their own, and which they recognize is only rendered possible by the existence of a Royal Family and the traditions which make its rule acceptable to the people. There has been, during His Majesty's illness, a solid recognition of the King's friendship towards France, and of the firmness and stability with which he has helped to make Great Britain play her traditional part as the keystone of European sanity.

French newspapers have reproduced during these weeks of England's anxiety the photographs of the quiet, constant crowd of subjects outside Buckingham Palace; their comments have been of a slightly wondering admiration. It is perfectly certain that on November 11, 1918, no single French citizen, on hearing the first gun of the Armistice, turned and ran towards the Elysée. Five thousand Britons got together under the King's windows in less than ten minutes on that occasion. The President of the French Republic did not walk bareheaded and with bent head behind the coffin of the Unknown Soldier when it was carried to the Arc de Triomphe two years later. The King was the English Warrior's humble chief mourner. It is at such moments, and especially when illness evokes the nation's sentiment, that one can compare the strength of the link between a monarch and his people with that between a chief magistrate and an electorate. The French can certainly understand the former, for it is one with that sense of the family which so strongly distinguishes their private life.

The Decay of Parliament

By Harold Cox

One of the most interesting facts in constitutional development all over Europe—indeed, all over the world—is the evident decay of democratic ideals. There was a time when most people seemed to assume as a matter of course that democratic government, if complete, would be perfect. Working towards that supposed ideal, different countries, most of them following the historic example of England, have gone on developing Constitutions based upon a more or less universal franchise. In many countries the result has been an absolute and frank revolt against the whole conception of democracy. In Italy, for example, there has been installed an autocracy of one man, independent alike of the hereditary sovereign and of the popular vote.

We however, as Englishmen, are mainly concerned with England, and here we have better facilities for drawing sound conclusions than any other country in the world. For it was England that led the way in establishing the Parliamentary system. That system did not begin, it is true, with a democratic vote. On the contrary, our first legislative assembly was what we now call the House of Lords. That body is the oldest legislative assembly in the world. It came into being to check the autocratic power of the Crown, and it served that purpose, so far as we can now judge from the fragments of history that have descended to us, on the whole with success. Combined with the hereditary peers were not only the Lords Spiritual but also some representatives of the taxpaying communities. Later, the representatives of these communities were detached from the House of Lords, and the House of Communes (or House of Commons) came into being. It was in those early days essentially an assembly to represent the taxpayers of the country, and it gradually acquired the dominating position it now holds through its power to reject proposed taxes.

Centuries, however, elapsed before the House of Commons obtained direct control over the executive

government of the country. Down till well on in the eighteenth century the Ministers who ruled the country were in reality Ministers of the Crown, as they still nominally are today. The House of Commons was a critical, not a ruling, body. Even after the Reform Bill of 1832, which immensely extended the electorate and in effect based the House of Commons on a popular vote, that assembly still remained in many respects subordinate both to the Crown and to the Upper House. At any rate, it was unable to dominate them both as it does today.

The peculiar feature of our actual Constitution, as it has now existed for the last fifty years, is the rigidity of the party system, with the result that each party that wins a majority obtains absolute control, regardless of the wishes of the Crown or of the country. For two centuries at least we have had well-marked political parties—Whigs and Tories, or Liberals and Conservatives—but down, at any rate, to the latter half of the nineteenth century the individual Member of Parliament, to whatever political party he belonged, was to a large extent free to vote according to his own wishes or those of his constituents. As a matter of fact, between 1832 and 1874, on nine separate occasions the Government of the day was defeated by the votes of its own supporters. But with the extension of the franchise it became necessary to organize the party system on more rigid lines, because without the party machinery it was practically impossible for an individual candidate to get through the work necessary to induce people to vote for him in any large constituency. Thus, the candidate, being dependent upon the party machine, was bound, if elected, to obey orders received from that machine.

That is essentially the position today, and the necessary result is that the House of Commons has lost the character that it used to possess in previous generations. Its debates no longer determine the fate of Governments or the fate of Bills. Those things are settled behind the scenes by the people who work the party machinery. Of necessity, the workers of that machinery are guided by the desire to win popularity. But they are astute enough to know that popularity is won, not by putting forward schemes which are carefully planned to benefit

the permanent interests of the nation, but by appealing to the private interest of different groups in the community, or alternatively by using some catch cry that has momentarily attracted the interest of the mob. Both in the constituencies and in the House of Commons itself more driving force can be secured by appealing to private interests or local passions than by considering the general welfare of the nation. That doubtless is a defect of human nature. We are all of us invariably tempted to put our own interest first, and most of us succumb so fully to that temptation that we cannot even see that the gratification of our particular interest may be injurious to the community as a whole. The operation of this force can be seen in almost any contested election. Scarcely has the candidate been announced before different groups in the constituency at once approach him with an urgent request to support some particular scheme which they desire to see forwarded because it will profit them pecuniarily or because it will gratify some hobby of their own. The candidate knows that their active support probably counts more than any passive resistance from the rest of the constituency.

Within the House itself the same consideration operates, and frequently leads to what outside critics might not unfairly call corrupt bargains between different groups. Numerous examples of this bargaining have occurred in the present century. One of the most notable illustrations is the temporary bargain that was made between the Liberals and the Irish Home Rulers over the quarrel that arose between the House of Lords and the House of Commons over the Lloyd-Georgian land taxes. The Irish members were strongly opposed to those land taxes and voted against them when they were under discussion in the House of Commons. But after the dissolution which ensued when the House of Lords rejected the budget which embodied these taxes, the Liberals found that they would be in a minority without the Irish vote. It was necessary to buy that vote, and the Liberals bought it by promising that, if the Irish would vote for the land taxes they had previously opposed, the Liberals would commit themselves to Home Rule. The bargain was carried out. The land taxes were passed

and a Home Rule Bill was passed. A few years later that Home Rule Act had to be cancelled, and a few years later still the land taxes, which had proved financially disastrous, were repealed with the consent of their author.

Another interesting example was provided by the Trade Disputes Bill. As originally introduced by the Liberal Government, this was a reasonable measure for helping the trade unions in the discharge of their essential function, namely, the protection of individual wage-earners, without conferring upon them any unfair privileges. But it was just these unfair privileges that the then incipient Labour Party in the House of Commons desired, and when the moderate Bill first introduced came before the House, the Labour members made it perfectly clear that they would combine with the Tories against the Liberals unless the Bill was amended according to their dictation. The Liberal Government promptly gave way and introduced into the Trade Disputes Bill provisions which the representatives of the Cabinet had previously denounced as grossly unfair.

An assembly which can produce such examples as these cannot expect to retain any general respect from the nation which it is supposed to represent. Today it is notorious that the House of Commons no longer commands the respect which was given to it a century, or even less than half a century, ago. The party system has, in fact, obtained such a grip upon our political life that the House of Commons has now become little more than a place in which the representatives of different parties fight with one another to secure office. That fight is of very little interest to the mass of the English people. The vast majority of electors in most constituencies do not know anything about the merits of Mr. A or Mr. B, who are bidding against one another for the popular vote, and do not care which of these two personalities wins. Votes have to be bought, not as in the old days of avowed corruption with the money of the rival candidates, but with offers of legislation to bring benefit at the expense of the nation to particular groups of electors.

In recent years this system of bribing the electors at the expense of the nation has been adopted with almost cynical frankness. It began with the cry of 9d. for 4d.,

and the policy embedded in that cry has been progressively developed by all the political parties. Probably almost every Member of Parliament, if he were permitted to speak frankly, would admit that the policy of 9d. for 4d. has done more mischief than good to the nation. Yet no party will risk the abandonment of that policy and the restoration of the principle that national progress depends not on State doles but on individual effort. Meanwhile the increased and ever-increasing rigidity of the party system has destroyed the public interest that used to prevail with regard to the proceedings in the House of Commons. When there was a chance that debates might influence results, debates were worth listening to and reading. Now that it is known that the fate of a Bill depends, not on its careful consideration in the House, but on the previous and private decision of the party machine, it is useless for Members of Parliament to waste their time by listening to the debates or for outsiders to waste time by reading the reports of them. Except on very rare occasions the House of Commons is now practically empty until the moment when the division bell rings. Each member then walks into the lobby which is pointed out to him by his party whip. As for the outside public, one can gather how little it is interested in the proceedings of the House of Commons by the fact that popular newspapers cut down their Parliamentary reports to a few paragraphs.

The practical question is whether it is possible to do anything which can counteract this progressive tendency to the degradation of our political institutions. If the House of Commons is to regain popular respect and to become what it once was, an effective instrument for controlling the government of the country, it must recover the liberties that it has lost. Those liberties have been destroyed, not by the power of the Crown, nor by the power of the hereditary peers; they have been destroyed by politicians themselves, who have humbly accepted the tyranny of the party system. Instead of an assembly devoting itself to the careful consideration of problems of national government, we have an assembly composed of individuals grouped into parties engaged in a constant struggle for their own separate advancement.

Until recently there were two hostile armies, perpetually skirmishing against one another and steadily preparing for a fixed battle. Now there are three, but the mentality is exactly the same. Each of these three armies wants to win the power of office for itself and the plums for its individual members. The existence of a third party complicates matters somewhat, because it is never certain what bargains the three parties will make between themselves; but the essentials of the system are the same as in the days when there were only two parties.

To get rid of the party system altogether is probably impossible and perhaps not even desirable, but it is certainly desirable in the national interest that it should be so modified that each individual member on any important occasion shall be able to behave as a free man, free to vote according to his own judgment, apart from the attitude that his party as a whole may adopt. There is no obvious reason why this liberty should not be at once established, even though the party system continues. The advantage of that system is that it does provide a mechanism both for working elections and for securing an administrative Cabinet; but there is absolutely no reason why that administrative Cabinet, once it has been appointed, should claim the right to formulate the legislation for which the two Houses of Parliament are constitutionally responsible. Yet at present all our party politicians assume that legislation is the business of the Cabinet. The result is that complicated Bills are drafted behind the scenes by one or two Ministers with the aid of an army of bureaucrats, and then forced through the House of Commons by the party vote, humbly accepted by the House of Lords, and then imposed upon the nation. It would be far better if in the first place the Government abstained from itself putting forward so many Bills, and in the second left most of the Bills which it did put forward to a free vote of the House. We should then secure independent debates.

Whether we can hope that any of the leaders of the existing parties will have sufficient patriotic foresight to adopt such a change from the present system is doubtful. Unless they have that patriotic foresight and impulse the system will go on, for under the peculiarities

of our Constitution the power of the Crown to dissolve Parliament has in effect passed to the Cabinet, with the result that if Members of Parliament who belong to the party in office venture to go against the wishes of the Cabinet, it can respond by advising the Crown to dissolve Parliament and thus inflict a heavy pecuniary loss on the individuals who have ventured to challenge the dictatorial powers of the party machine. Therefore the first of all reforms is to get rid of the present constitutional rule that the Crown must dissolve Parliament on the advice of the Prime Minister. Probably the simplest plan would be to give each successive Parliament a fixed period of life, say of five years. Individual members would then cease to be the slaves of the party whips.

In addition, it is extremely important that the House of Commons should have some machinery of its own for dealing with legislative schemes put forward by Cabinet Ministers or by the officials behind them. The best plan would probably be to appoint several select committees to deal with the legislative schemes put forward by the Government or by private members and to supervise the work of the different Government offices.

A further matter of supreme importance is the restoration of the powers of the Second Chamber. England at the present time is practically the only country in the world that has no effective Second Chamber. As a result, any party that succeeds in securing a majority in the House of Commons can force into law any scheme that it chooses to put forward, regardless of the wishes of the nation. This is an outrage on constitutional liberty. Unfortunately, no one of the three parties now striving for power, and for the plums of office, seems inclined to tackle this question. The Labour Party and the Liberals apparently want to get rid of the Second Chamber altogether; the Conservatives have not the courage to act. The fairest way of dealing with the problem is to restore the powers that were taken from the House of Lords in connection with the Home Rule and Land Values fight, and simultaneously to provide that, where a clear issue arises between the two Houses—or between an important minority in the House of Commons and the majority in both Houses—the issue can be put to a referendum.

The Educational Needs of England

By Sir Michael E. Sadler, Litt.D., LL.D.

I

ENGLISH education has a subtle character of its own. In this it resembles English Gothic, English poetry, English loyalty, English landscape, and English gardening. The good qualities of English education are various, though not easily defined. It is rather shy and, when at its best, unself-advertising; plain-spoken, but with carefully guarded reticences; a little clumsy in its sense of form, never slick, but, when it achieves what it most wants to achieve, exquisite. It prefers being private, even to the loss of profit, than to being "written up." It is ironical, when on its guard against letting itself go; intimate; distrustful of mass-production; wasteful, through its disregard of the services of organized efficiency; stubborn against regimentation (in this, unlike the Scots); liking to feel that it can break the rules; ready, in retrospect, to admire those who by breaking rules have made life more worth living or a game better worth playing. Thus, conservative Rugby looks back with satisfaction on the boy who, by breaking the rule, created Rugby football.

In making much of education, Luther, Calvin, and Knox were true to their national types. No Englishman of their age (which was the formative age in the European history of the control of schools by the State) put education in a high place among national duties, except the rather obscure Roger Ascham, who had no political influence, and Sir Thomas More, who hid his meaning in allegory because he had a vision of what is still a distant future. Much more readily than we, the Germans, the French, and the Scots think of education as one of the organized sides of national life.

To say this is not to imply that in practice the Scots,

the French, and the Germans ignore its social implications, for everywhere and at all times education is inseparable from the tone of the community, from its moral presuppositions, and from the web of its daily work; but they detach the specific work of "education" from its context in the lives of men and women with a thoroughgoing exactitude which has made possible a relatively economical kind of State control, while exposing them at recurrent intervals to the danger of over-regimentation. In consequence of this, Germany, France, and Scotland, which have outpaced England in educational engineering, have each at times fallen victims to rigidity of school routine. England, more informal and amateurish, has kept her educational organization pliant. This has left vents for the upthrust of new ideas and has made the several parts of her system adaptable to unexpected changes in conditions. But, for these boons, the English have paid a heavy price in waste of effort and money, and in being outwitted by the peaceful penetration of Scots and Germans, though only by that of the Huguenots in the case of France.

Has the sacrifice been worth what it has cost? I think that civilization as a whole has gained through England having taken this characteristic line. But not less has civilization gained through Germany, France, and Scotland pursuing a policy more coherent and economical in regard to national education. The question now presents itself to England, whether in future she can afford to dispense in her education with the kind of intellectual control by the State which hitherto she has kept at bay.

Upon this crucial question English opinion has not yet declared itself. But the thoughts of those who survey our educational needs are haunted by the problem, which looms, however vaguely, in the mind of all who are conscious of the perils now besetting the future welfare of England.

For it is characteristic of England that, though she has kept her educational system so different from that of her neighbours in Western Europe, she has always been sensitive to the educational ideas of other countries. In the later Renaissance she was Italianate; at the Reformation,

she Germanized; under Louis XIV, French influence was strong in English education; it was still stronger after the French Revolution. The influence of the United States began to assert itself in English education after the American Civil War. Thirty years later, German influence became about as strong as American. And today, ten years after the war, the results of which brought a new freedom into German education, we are again admiring the power of intellectual co-operation shown by the leaders of German industry and commerce, and are reflecting how much of this is due to the high intellectual standards of their far from costly secondary schools. The mental discipline, the wide intellectual training, characteristic of the German higher secondary schools, sprang from great movements of the human spirit—from Kant and Goethe and Wilhelm von Humboldt; but State action, of a kind which we in England have never brooked, was needed to organize that training and discipline.

The greatest needs of English education today are, I am constrained to admit, needs which involve enlarged and intensified action by the State. But the only kind of State action by which the English temperament and disposition will profit in a region so sensitive, is guidance and aid, not gruff regimentation. Whether the best things in English education will ever get the discriminating and delicately individualized sort of State guidance which they deserve is doubtful. If they do not, they will be throttled. But without such assistance from the State they cannot, I fear, escape decay.

II

"You are spending about one hundred and sixteen millions of pounds a year on the army, navy, and air force, Mr. Churchill, and about seventy-three million pounds a year on education. I believe that, in the permanent interests of Great Britain, the proportions should be reversed." These words were addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by a thoughtful American who had been invited by Mr. Churchill to speak frankly on the present situation as he saw it, after an extensive study of the state of affairs in Great Britain and on the Continent and in the United States.

In substance, I agree. Not, of course, that any sane man would seriously propose an immediate reversal of our expenditure on education and on armaments. In the present international situation suddenly to cut off more than forty millions a year from the armed forces of the Crown would be quixotic. Nor without prodigality could an additional forty million pounds a year be spent out of hand on education. But I think that our fundamental aim in policy should be to secure relations with certain other powers which would make it reasonable to divert to education a very large part of our present expenditure on armaments. Our greatest assets in future will be alert brain-power and intelligent industry. We shall be enabled to make better use of our brain power, to adapt ourselves more alertly to new conditions; we shall more quickly see modifications in the obstructive side of trade-union practice, if we insist on having the right kinds of education persistently applied.

"What would you do, then, if you were allowed to budget for an additional expenditure of forty million pounds a year on education in Great Britain?" This is a fair question, and I will answer it.

First, we must deduct one-seventh of the amount as the proportion due to Scotland, whose present educational needs I will not discuss. This leaves about thirty-four millions a year as the share of England and Wales. Secondly, against this increase must be set our heavy liability for the ultimate cost of teachers' pensions, a sum which is likely to exceed the estimate originally made. Thirdly, a considerable sum should be devoted to capital expenditure on structural improvements and additions, especially in the fields of elementary, university, and adult education. This urgently needed capital outlay, which is too large to be provided for out of voluntary contributions, should, I suggest, be made in accordance with a plan designed to cover the earlier years of the new regime.

These needs for capital expenditure I will take first:—

(1) All our universities, old and new, are undercapitalized. Cambridge needs a large sum, over and above the magnificent gift of the International Education Board of the Rockefeller Foundation, for her new university

library (which will be the one university library in England built on modern lines for modern needs). Oxford needs a very large sum for the Bodleian, whether or no she decides in the end to build a new Bodleian in the Parks. And as the beauty of both Oxford and Cambridge is an essential factor in their educational influence, the needs disclosed by the Oxford Preservation Trust and by the Cambridge Preservation Society should be met with foresight and dispatch. Practically all the new universities need great improvements in their buildings, especially on the residential side, and in many cases in their libraries.

(2) For the adult education of England one of the fundamental needs is a well-equipped hall in every village. The elementary school is not the best place for adult gatherings, whether for recreation or for study. School-desks which fit children are not adapted for tea-parties or whist-drives or tutorial classes. The materials used for handwork in teaching little children cannot be stowed away in cupboards, without damage and delay, in order to make room for a village concert or dance. In some villages the time is ripe for a small institute like the village college at Sawston, which the secretary of the Cambridgeshire Education Committee, Mr. Henry Morris, has found generous supporters to build. There are many signs of a growth in England of communal enjoyment of good music and of art. For happiness in social relationships, for the fostering of intelligent interest in the beauties of the countryside and in urban architecture, and for the creation of a culture more widely shared than has been possible in England for many generations, it seems desirable that steps should quickly be taken—well-considered but exciting steps—to provide the buildings in which the new communal culture may find a centre and a home. Music, both vocal and instrumental; pictures, wall-paintings, drawings, and sculpture, both in the form of original works and in reproduction; textiles, pottery, and furniture of fine but plain design; drama; books (including fiction), and advice as to choice of books; classes and lectures, both for systematic study and for stimulus —we are all appreciating these things more, finding greater pleasure in them, realizing their place in the mosaic of

life, thinking of them as related to one another, as significant of some new impulse towards communal unity and not merely as separate fragments in the decorative background of private life. Broadcasting, with its thoughtful regard for adult education; the gramophone; cheap reprints of good books; the burgeoning of new life in the public library system; the Carnegie Trust benefactions for country libraries serving rural districts; the musical festivals in various parts of England; the Eisteddfods in Wales; Sir Joseph Duveen's encouragement to exhibitions of the work of young British painters; the untiring efforts of the Arts League of Service; the lectures given in the National Gallery, British Museum, Victoria and Albert Museum, and in the public galleries in many of the larger provincial towns; the activities of the tutorial classes under the joint committees representing the universities and the Workers' Educational Association; the work of the rural community councils; the series of important addresses given to the luncheon clubs at Leeds, Manchester, and Oxford, and the public spirit of rotary clubs and other societies; not least, the increasing attention given to music and the graphic arts in the Press and the growing interest in architecture, sculpture, town planning, and the preservation of the beauty of the countryside; these are all signs of a strong movement in public opinion. Education, as we in England conceive it, is something wider and more atmospheric than organized teaching in school or college. The latter is, indeed, an essential part, but only a part, of a large whole which envelops us as children and as adults, colours our thoughts by its suggestions and presuppositions, and penetrates our life. When Wordsworth speaks in "The Prelude" contemptuously of

> those formalities, to which,
> With overweening trust, alone we give
> The name of Education

he is not disparaging the work of good schools, but reminding us that their influence is only part of a more circumambient influence in which spiritual forms move unseen and, for good or evil, affect our feelings and our sense. These influences cannot be created by organization, but organization can conserve and concentrate

them. One of the problems of adult education in England is how to apply organization to influences so delicate and yet so powerful.

To bring the right teachers, the skilled performers, the wise advisers, into contact with the people who want to be taught, want to hear, want to be guided, is one side of the great task of organization which lies before us in England. This will require large funds—funds for the better payment of tutors in class-work, of musicians for the performance of chamber music in town and country (enough has been done already to show how great might be the influence of first-rate instrumental music in England), and of librarians in town and country. These are maintenance charges which would be recurrent. But the capital outlay necessary to provide halls and rooms in which this many-sided work could be done quickly and efficiently will also be very large. With organization, England would become the most highly educated country in Europe—highly educated in the English way. And the higher education of the people of England would be one of the best securities for the civilization and peace of the world.

How, if they were forthcoming, the funds necessary to this encouragement of liberal education among adults should be administered is an important question, but a question of detail rather than of principle. Subsidies to approved associations of various types is the form which suggests itself as being in harmony with the English habit of mind, though our existing practice does not accord with it. We have been afraid of giving effect to strong preference for a union between public authority and private effort.

Because such co-operation, including subsidy, means trouble, negotiation, delicacy of touch, constant watchfulness lest abuses creep in, we English (unlike the Germans) have held ourselves back from it and put up with a stark distinction between the work directly under public authority, to which we make financial grants, and work done in the public interest by voluntary associations, which we leave for the most part unaided and uncorrelated. It is in this new field of close co-operation between public authorities (County and County Borough and Municipal

Councils) and the multifarious variety of efficient private associations that the chief labours of English (as already of German) organizers of adult education in its many aspects will lie. Those who know the ability and public spirit of our best local officials will feel no doubt as to the practicability of such co-operation, or of its value. Variety is the great need of England, but it should be variety set in a framework of public and semi-public organization. Without organization, variety means confusion and waste. With organization, it enriches life by cross-fertilization of experience and by increasing the number of points of fresh initiative.

(3) I pass on to the third need for capital expenditure in English education.

The non-provided elementary schools, regarded broadly as a category, need a great deal of money for the improvement of their buildings. Much has been spent on them during the last few years by members of the Church of England and by Roman Catholics. In consequence of these structural improvements, the non-provided school buildings in most urban districts and in many country districts would now escape official censure. But there are still black cases. And the rural non-provided schools, almost entirely Church of England, are in very many cases cramped in accommodation, being especially defective in the floor-space now required for the best methods of training young children. The room in which the little children are taught is often too small to allow for the movement and material of the modern infant school.

No one conversant with the history of elementary education in England will fail in grateful acknowledgment of the services rendered by public-spirited clergy and devoted teachers in the parish schools of town and country. When England—or the then electorate of England—was indifferent to education, these pioneers did their best in the teeth of great difficulties to remove the curse of ignorance. And, after the passing of the Education Act of 1870, the non-provided schools, in contradistinction to the Board Schools and Council Schools, preserved the educational variety which is vital to the welfare of England. It is true that this variety

was not fairly spread over the whole country. One type had a virtual monopoly of the country parishes; the other type became correspondingly predominant in the towns. It is true also that in many cases the distinction between the two kinds of school was a distinction in theory and in management rather than in fully developed differentiation of type. But the roots of the two kinds of school were different. One, the non-provided, had its origins in medieval Christianity; the other, the provided, drew its philosophy (so far as it had a philosophy) from Rousseau. Augustine and the Pelagians were not more opposed than were the two types of school in their fundamental conception of human nature and of grace. And though in educational practice, as in religious life, the extreme antithesis between Augustinianism and Pelagianism is softened by the exigencies of human experience, there was, nevertheless, between the typical non-provided and the typical provided school a significant contrast; a contrast which still persists where the denominational school is, as it should be, an alternative school offered to the choice of a sufficiently large body of parents preferring it.

But Mr. Balfour's Act of 1902 sounded the knell of the dual system in its old form. And just as the Act of 1902 superseded in many vital points the Act of 1870, so, I expect, will an Act in 1934, or some earlier year, supersede the Act of 1902 in regard to the statutory position of non-provided schools in single-school areas. Administrative convenience is fast making this a necessity. It is absurd that the County Education Committees should be free to pay for dustolio to make the surface of the floor of a schoolroom hygienic and not be allowed to pay for necessary repairs to the floor itself. It is not in the interests of religion in England that the non-provided schools should drop below the standard of roominess and healthiness which the interests of the children require. The principle of variety in English education will not be carried into effective practice until all elementary schools under denominational management are as good examples of their type as the modern council school is of its type.

In order that fruitful variety may be secured in English

elementary education, and in order that the County and County Borough Education Committees may be free to group schools and distribute teaching power in the manner which will best serve the children, a remodelling of the Education Act 1902, as codified in Part III of the Education Act 1921, is, in my judgment, the most urgent Parliamentary need of English education. And, second to this in urgency, I should put the strengthening of our excellent school medical service.

III

But there is another need, less obvious though not less urgent, which can be met at a cost that is relatively small. Examinations are poisoning English education. They are a strong drug which we are using with insufficient knowledge and care.

Examinations in many forms are necessary as a means of selection; as a spur; and as an audit of industry. They have rendered great service to education in England by rousing it from torpor; by rewarding merit; and by providing a test of efficiency which did not involve close interference by a department of government in the internal arrangements of our independent secondary schools. In England, examinations are conspicuously honest. But during the last twenty years they have grown enormously in the number of candidates examined, and therefore in the scale of their operation. Mass methods of examination raise new problems of marking and of judgment. And the award of competitive scholarships, on the results of an examination primarily designed to show which candidates have reached an approved standard of qualifying attainment, introduces a disturbing factor into the problem.

There is a growing uneasiness about the effects, direct and indirect, of examinations, especially in secondary education. A very large sum of money is spent annually on examinations, but no scientific study on a comprehensive scale is being made of their influence both on the boys and girls who are candidates and upon the work of the teachers, or of the administrative problems which would arise if an attempt were made to apply to secondary schools in general the principle of taking

into account, in the final award of the certificates, the record of the pupils' work and conduct at school. Even the Schools Examination Council, which has done valuable service in comparing the standards of the various examining bodies, is not equipped with the staff of skilled investigators, or with the funds which a thoroughly scientific and experimental investigation into the whole subject would require. No single examining authority can review the problem in all its bearings. No consultative committee or commission of the ordinary kind could grapple with the subject as it needs to be grappled with, because the materials on which a judgment should be based lie in a considerable degree outside the knowledge of individual witnesses, and are not yet available as a basis for discussion by a committee however able and representative.

What, I submit, is needed, in order to show how the maladjustments of our English examinations may be lessened or remedied, is the appointment, by Government, for a term of years, of an investigator, with a very competent staff of assistants and with funds to meet the cost of statistical, psychological, and educational inquiries, with instructions to examine thoroughly the working, the results, and the repercussions of the examinations now affecting English schools and colleges, and to report from time to time the results of his investigations. The annual cost of such an investigation would, I estimate, be about £18,000. This would be ·02 per cent. of our total annual civil expenditure upon all grades of education, or ·12 per cent. of our annual civil expenditure on those grades of school and college which are now specially affected by the examination system. But by this small expenditure great improvements in the whole of our national education would probably be secured.

The Bill for the Reform of Local Government

By Administrator

THE Government's Bill for the reform of Local Government contains 115 clauses, filling with schedules 155 pages, and is so complex and technical that it will mystify most readers.

It is, fortunately, accompanied by explanatory memoranda of considerable assistance in understanding its provisions, which are in eight parts:

Part 1. Poor Law.
" 2. Registration of Births, Deaths, and Marriages.
" 3. Roads and Town Planning.
" 4. Miscellaneous Local Government Provisions.
" 5. Rating and Valuation.
" 6. Exchequer Grants and other financial provisions.
" 7. Property Liabilities and Officers.
" 8. General.

The purpose of this article is to consider the broad provisions of the Bill apart entirely from political considerations, with a view of seeing what is good in it, what is bad, and to what extent amendment is possible without destroying the whole framework.

The Minister of Health, in his address at the Constitutional Club on November 15, divided it into three main heads, viz.:

Rating reform, called de-rating.

Reform of Local Government which involved a rearrangement of the functions of certain local authorities.

Finance—Recasting of the relations between national and local finance.

He described the third as a necessary complement of the first two.

Broadly stated, the effect of the Bill may be summarized as: (*a*) De-rating agricultural land and buildings entirely and industrial hereditaments to the extent of 75 per cent.; (*b*) transfer of the administration of the Poor Law from the Guardians to the County and County Borough Councils; (*c*) transfer of the maintenance of all roads in Rural Districts from the Rural District Councils to the County Council, and of all classified roads in Urban Districts and non-County Boroughs from those

authorities to the County Council; (*d*) other minor administrative changes; and (*e*) the withdrawal of assigned revenues and of certain percentage grants now made to County Councils, County Boroughs, non-County Boroughs and Urban and Rural District Councils, and substitution of a new block grant to County Councils and County Boroughs calculated on a very complicated formula, and payment thereout of fixed grants to non-County Boroughs and Urban Districts, estimated at 150 pence, and to Rural Districts estimated at 30 pence, per head of population.

(*a*) DE-RATING

The effect of the de-rating proposals is estimated to be a relief to agriculture and to manufacturers together of £24,000,000.

This relief will certainly be a valuable aid to depressed industries. To extend it also to those that are prosperous would appear to be wasteful, but if relief is to be given in the form of de-rating, this is perhaps inevitable.

Incidentally, if the de-rated industries secure an increased profit of £24,000,000 they will be called on to pay increased income tax of £4,800,000, which will in effect be a set-off against the amount to be found by the Government. In some cases no doubt the relief will operate only to reduce trading losses and not to increase profits.

(*b*) POOR LAW

Reform of the Poor Law is generally admitted to be required and, in fact, long overdue. It has been the subject of inquiry and report by two Royal Commissions, and the proposals of the Bill seem to constitute a statesmanlike settlement of the divergent views contained in these reports.

So far as institutional treatment is concerned, there are obvious advantages in the authority for a large area, such as the county, providing the workhouses, infirmaries, etc., to which the poor from the various parishes may be sent, and where classification can be better carried out than is possible if the institutions are provided by smaller authorities. The principle is already adopted and working satisfactorily in mental hospitals, and is no doubt practicable in Poor Law institutions.

So far as out-relief is concerned, where local knowledge and personal touch are very essential, the gain is less clear. If the interest of the present guardians or the best of them can be retained on the local committees, the scheme may work well.

What has come to be known as Poplarism has brought the subject of Poor Law reform very much to the fore in recent years, but abuse is not always cured by a change of authority. It must not be overlooked that two important measures for checking abuses have been passed by the present Government, and have not yet had time to indicate fully their efficacy. These are the Act under which the Ministry may displace existing guardians and appoint official guardians, a power very effectively exercised in the case of West Ham, Chester-le-Street, and Bedwellty, and the Act under which surcharges by district auditors may be enforced by proceedings in bankruptcy against defaulting guardians. These Acts, together with maximum scales of relief laid down by the Ministry, should go a long way towards preventing abuses under the existing system.

The endurance of Members of Parliament will be taxed to the extreme in dealing with the whole of this complicated Bill, and the changes in the administration of the Poor Law might well have been separated and dealt with at a future date without detriment to the framework of the Bill, if a simple provision had been inserted under which the guardians should precept for Poor Law expenses not, as at present, on the Boroughs and Urban and Rural District Councils, but upon the County Councils and County Borough Councils so as to spread the charge over a larger area, giving those Councils the right of inspection and of approving estimates and challenging expenditure at audit.

(*c*) AS TO ROADS, ETC.

The provisions of the Bill as to transfer of powers in respect of roads appear to be sound. There can be no doubt that economy and efficiency will result from the concentration of road maintenance in the hands of the larger authorities, and the provision for delegation in suitable cases to the minor authorities should meet any

objections that might otherwise arise on the part of any of the smaller authorities already well equipped for maintaining the roads.

(*d*) OTHER MINOR ADMINISTRATIVE CHANGES

Among other minor provisions is one requiring County Councils to make a survey of their area with a view to making proposals for alteration of boundaries, amalgamation of minor authorities, etc. It is doubtful whether this enactment will work effectively if the financial scheme of the Bill remains unaltered. The result of urbanizing a part of a Rural District would appear to be that an increased grant—150 pence in place of 30 pence—would be paid out of the County share of the new Exchequer grant in respect of the population of that part, and a County Council will naturally hesitate to take a step that will have the effect of increasing the county rate.

So far we have dealt with the principal administrative changes proposed by the Bill, and have indicated general approval, although in many points of detail it may be usefully amended.

We now come to the financial provisions, which are in the highest degree controversial, and to which the gravest exception must be taken. The *Times* in a leading article complained that while strong opposition was expressed to these provisions, no practicable alternative was suggested. I shall endeavour to indicate a practicable and desirable alternative, but it is first necessary to elucidate the real nature of the provisions of the Bill and the change thus sought to be brought about.

(*e*) FINANCIAL PROVISIONS

The underlying principle of this part of the Bill appears to be that in future theoretical needs shall take the place of practical needs. Violent changes in ratepayers' burdens are to be brought about on the pretext that the practice hitherto has been all wrong, but the violence is to be tempered by special grants which are to be gradually withdrawn so that increased burdens may not be immediately felt.

Granting that de-rating of agricultural land and de-rating to the extent of three-fourths of industrial undertakings is necessary in existing circumstances, or, at any rate, desirable as an aid to the restoration of agriculture and industry to prosperity, and the cure of unemployment, it by no means follows that this vastly complicated financial scheme is the best means of making good the resulting loss of rates.

When, in 1896, agriculture was relieved of rates to the extent of one-half, the rating authorities were given by way of compensation a fixed Treasury grant which was based on the immediate loss sustained by them but did not meet the loss in respect of growing expenditure or new services. The insufficiency of this grant was a constant subject of protest by the local authorities. When the relief of agriculture was further increased by 25 per cent. in 1923, the Government did not follow the precedent of 1896, which had proved so unsatisfactory, but made Treasury grants to recoup exactly the resulting loss of rates to the rating authorities. That arrangement was free from objection, and has worked satisfactorily, and would appear to be the natural and proper course to adopt when agriculture is relieved of the remaining 25 per cent. and industries of 75 per cent. of their rates.

This, however, is not the Government's proposal, and there is a persistent demand that the Bill shall be amended in this respect.

The scheme of the Bill is a complete upheaval of the existing grant arrangements, and the substitution of fantastic provisions for so-called block grants, to be distributed on entirely new and untried principles, with little regard to actual expenditure except in the transitional period during which special temporary arrangements are to disguise and postpone the burden of increased rates that will inevitably be thrown upon large sections of ordinary ratepayers throughout the country without apparent rhyme or reason.

Block grants related to expenditure and corresponding approximately to the amount of grants withdrawn and the loss by de-rating would be comparatively unobjectionable, but the fantastic tangle which the grant

proposed by the Bill presents, and which has been condemned by every responsible association of local authorities throughout the country, is quite intolerable, and should be rejected and replaced by a more intelligible scheme.

At the present time County Councils and County Borough Councils receive the proceeds of certain assigned revenues, portions of estate duties, licences, etc., which are to be withdrawn. They and Urban and Rural Councils receive agricultural rates grants to meet the relief already afforded to agriculture, and also receive in respect of certain health and other services percentage grants (usually 50 per cent.) in respect of their expenditure. These are also to be withdrawn.

In place of the loss by de-rating, and by the withdrawal of assigned revenues and grants, there is to be a new Exchequer grant fixed in amount for periods of five years and apportioned among the Counties and County Boroughs in the proportion of what is called "weighted population." Population, "weighted" as will be described in a moment, is to be considered the theoretical basis of "need" as distinct from actual expenditure, which has been the basis hitherto.

So great would be the difference in amount received in each County and County Borough, as compared with what they have hitherto received, that it is found necessary to bring the change into operation gradually over a period of fifteen years, and to give temporary grants to prevent any County or County Borough from receiving less in the first instance than will have been received in 1928–29, plus 1s. per head to meet growth of services during five years. Quite apart from any increase due to development of services, it is estimated that, when the new grant formula is fully in operation, thirty-nine counties will gain and twenty-two will lose as a result of the change, the figures of gain and loss being in many cases very heavy. For instance, it is estimated that the wealthy county of Surrey will gain £227,908 per annum, while the less wealthy West Riding of Yorkshire will lose £227,565 per annum.

The "weighted" population for the purpose of division of the new grant is to be calculated by taking the

estimated actual population in 1928–29 and increasing it by various percentages in relation to :

(1) Excess per cent. of estimated number of children under five years of age in excess of 50 per 1,000;

(2) Deficiency per cent. of rateable value per head of population in relation to £10;

(3) Excess per cent. multiplied by 10 by which three years' average of unemployed insured men exceeds 1½ per cent. of the estimated population, this percentage being calculated on the population as increased by (1) and (2) above;

(4) Amount per cent. by which population per mile of road, if less than 100, is short of 200; and, if more than 100, exceeds 50, this calculation being also made on the population as increased by (1) and (2) above.

Some variation in the formula is to be made at the expiration of each period of five years to meet any changes in extent of unemployment.

The "weighted" population may thus be three or four times more than the actual population in one county and two or three times more in another.

From the County Council share of the whole new grant, calculated in accordance with weighted population, there is to be deducted an amount roughly calculated at 150 pence per head of population to be paid to each non-County Borough and Urban District in the county, and an amount equal to one-fifth thereof, that is to say, calculated to be 30 pence per head, to be paid to each Rural District Council. The remainder of the county share is to replace the county loss resulting from de-rating and loss of grants and assigned revenues.

No trustworthy estimate can be made of the effect of this complicated grant on the rates of any authority, because the factors on which the grant is to be calculated are those of the year 1928–29, not yet available.

No attempt is made in the White Paper first published, or in that more recently issued, to indicate the probable results upon London rates, but examples are given of the effects in 37 counties if the new scheme had been in operation in 1926–27; and these indicate the extraordinary and entirely unjustifiable results that might flow from the proposals of the Bill.

A few instances of these should surely be sufficient to condemn the whole scheme, and they may be taken

almost haphazard from the examples given in the White Papers. For instance :

County of Chester.

		s. d.		s. d.
Borough of Congleton	Rates of	13 3	would come down to	11 6
,, Stalybridge	,,	13 6	,, go up to	14 3

County of Cumberland.

		s. d.		s. d.
Penrith Rural District	Rates of	8 11	would go up to	11 11
Wigton ,, ,,	,,	10 8	,, come down to	9 8

County of Durham.

		s. d.		s. d.
Borough of Durham	Rates of	23 6	would come down to	20 7
,, Hartlepool	,,	18 8	,, go up to	22 10
Hebburn Urban District	,,	20 5	,, go up to	23 2¼
Shildon ,, ,,	,,	24 0	,, come down to	17 4
Darlington Rural ,,	,,	12 0¾	,, go up to	16 7¼
Durham ,, ,,	,,	23 2¼	,, come down to	18 5

County of Essex.

		s. d.		s. d.
Tilbury Urban District	Rates of	15 8	would go up to	18 3
Woodford ,, ,,	,,	19 4	,, come down to	12 10

County of Lancaster.

		s. d.		s. d.
Aspull Urban District	Rates of	13 8	would come down to	8 4¾
Chadderton ,, ,,	,,	12 6	,, up go to	16 3
Lees ,, ,,	,,	11 8	,, go up to	13 7
Litherland ,, ,,	,,	13 3	,, come down to	9 7¼

County of Norfolk.

		s. d.		s. d.
North Walsham Urban District	Rates of	15 0	would come down to	11 11
Sheringham Urban District	,,	14 6	,, go up to	15 0

County of Salop.

		s. d.		s. d.
Oakengates Urban District (St. Georges)	Rates of	18 4	would come down to	16 8
(Wrockwardine Wood)	,,	18 4	,, come down to	14 9

County of Stafford.

		s. d.		s. d.
Quarry Bank Urban District	Rates of	17 9	would come down to	9 10
Stone Urban District	,,	13 10	,, go up to	15 3

County of Surrey.

		s. d.		s. d.
East and West Molesey Urban District	Rates of	12 2	would go up to	12 8¾
Egham Urban District	,,	12 2	,, come down to	10 7½

County of York, West Riding.

		s. d.			s. d.
Greasbrough Urban District	Rates of	17 6	would go up to		20 11
Hemsworth Urban District	,,	17 8	,,	come down to	13 6

County of Monmouth.

		s. d.			s. d.
Mynyddislwyn Borough	Rates of	21 0	would come down to		20 1½
Tredegar Borough (Dukestown)	,,	21 0	,,	come down to	15 4¼

County of Carnarvon.

		s. d.			s. d.
Conway Rural District	Rates of	9 2¼	would go up to		9 5¾
Cwyrfai ,, ,,	,,	13 4¾	,,	come down to	8 3¾

Very similar anomalies arise in the case of County Boroughs. For instance, in the undermentioned the relief in respect of the 1926–7 rates would have worked out as follows:—

	RATE.		RELIEF.	
	s. d.		s. d.	
West Ham	24 4	in the £	9	in the £
West Bromwich ..	16 6	,,	1 10·7	,,
Sunderland	14 4	,,	1 10·1	,,
Portsmouth	12 4	,,	9·4	,,
Birkenhead	11 8	,,	10·3	,,
Blackpool	7 6	,,	1·2	,,
Darlington	9 0	,,	7·5	,,
Merthyr Tydfil ..	27 2	,,	3 6·7	,,

It is quite impossible to conceive that there can be any just reason for these variations, and the fact that they are only to be brought gradually into operation will not prevent the reasonable resentment that must arise in many of these areas when the full effect of the scheme comes into operation.

What satisfaction can it be to a ratepayer whose rates will be increased to tell him that the whole basis of rating was wrong in the past, and that the new formula is so adjusted that he will in future pay his correct theoretical proportion of his country's burdens? Will he bear his new additional burden patiently when he knows that it is to be exacted from him in fifteen stages spread over fifteen years?

Whatever may be the theoretical perfection of the new formula, there are innumerable practical objections that can be urged against it, some of which may be tabulated as follows:

(1) A scheme requiring so many temporary adjustments before it is brought fully into operation would *prima facie* appear to be bad.

(2) Relief is not given to necessitous areas only, but is to benefit many where there is no possible ground for it, and to that extent it is a waste of public money.

(3) The bewildering nature of the scheme will enable extravagant local authorities to disguise their extravagance and attribute it to the effect of the Bill, and their statement will be difficult to disprove.

(4) Relief for unemployment should be temporary, but the formula assumes its permanence, at any rate for a period of five years at the average of the three years to 1928–29 level, whatever that may be.

(5) Violent changes in rates or other annual burdens are detrimental to business.

(6) Reduction of rateable value will almost inevitably lead to reduction of public services. This is incident to the block grant, but is not incident to the existing percentage grants, nor would it apply if an equivalent grant were given for the loss by de-rating.

(7) Simplification is the crying need of the present day, but this Bill increases complication to an incredible and unprecedented extent.

(8) The Agricultural Rates Act Grant, 1896, as stated above, was of a fixed amount, not varying as the relief given to agriculture increased. So unpopular was this that in 1923, when an additional 25 per cent. relief was given to agriculture, the experiment of a fixed grant was not repeated, but an equivalent grant to make good the loss by de-rating was found to be necessary and was given. To follow a discarded precedent, as now proposed, is obviously bad.

(9) The policy of de-rating industries that are flourishing as well as those that are depressed may well be open to question, although relief to the latter is obviously desirable. It should have been possible to devise a plan by which the end desired could be better attained.

(10) A scheme that gives relief to the extent of £227,908 to the county of Surrey and imposes a burden of £227,565 on the West Riding of Yorkshire is on the face of it bad.

(11) Complicated formulæ generally lead to undesirable results.

(12) The grant formula will stand in the way of effect being given to that rearrangement of Local Government areas which is one of the objects of the Bill, and one of the duties to which County Councils are to address themselves. They are scarcely likely to consider transferring areas from Rural Districts to which the grant is about 30 pence per head of population, and putting them in Urban Districts where the grant would be about 150 pence per head, the increase thus given being deducted from the County Council's own grant.

(13) Adjustments of burden on changes of areas are now extraordinarily difficult, and under these new proposals would become an almost insoluble problem.

(14) It is suggested that one object of the scheme is to make the irritating interference of Government Departments in the expenditure of local authorities unnecessary. This could equally well be attained

by the Minister checking his officials who, if the Bill goes through, will have their energies set free to work in other fields of mischief.

(15) Why spoil a good Bill by bad finance?

Having condemned some of the financial proposals of the Bill, I conclude by suggesting amendments which should be generally acceptable:

The loss by de-rating is estimated at	£24,000,000
The discontinued grants at	16,000,000
The additional grant which is to cover any development of services over a period of five years amounts to ..	5,000,000
The additional grant to ensure that every County and County Borough shall benefit to the extent of at least 1s. per head of the population is	605,000
The Supplementary Grant to be withdrawn gradually over fifteen years is	1,725,000
The total to be provided is, therefore	£47,330,000
One alternative might be to make good loss by de-rating to the authorities de-rated, absorbing	£24,000,000
To continue the existing percentage grants or distribute under the new formula amended by exclusion of the weighting for unemployment and possibly otherwise amended	16,000,000
To apply to the relief of necessitous areas, either by grants in ratio of actual Poor Law expenditure, or of expenditure on out-relief generally, or on out-relief due to unemployment, or on the basis of any other scheme that might be devised in consultation with the Local Authorities	7,330,000
	£47,330,000
Another alternative might be to make good the loss by de-rating to the authorities de-rated, absorbing ..	24,000,000
And to distribute the balance among the Counties and County Boroughs under the formula (possibly amended) and make the distribution among the authorities within the county by schemes to be approved by the Ministry	23,330,000
	£47,330,000

In its administrative provisions the Bill is good, and if a more acceptable financial scheme is substituted, it may go through with credit to its authors; otherwise one can only predict for it a stormy passage, followed by retribution.

Trade Unionism and Labour

By C. M. Lewis

It has become the fashion to regard, or to affect to regard, the Trade Unions as the greatest benefactors of the working classes, the source of their prosperity and the principal guarantee of their standard of living. So general and so unquestioned is this belief that no man in public life presumes to criticize the Trade Unions without prefacing his remarks by a tribute—not wholly insincere—to the great benefits they have conferred upon industry in general and labour in particular. Yet it is the most generally accepted beliefs which are sometimes the most fallacious, and there are reasons for believing that the current estimate of Trade Union merit comes within the category of vulgar error.

The central and capital belief that the existing standard of living of labour has been won and is now sustained by the Trade Unions and would be lost without them, is a proposition which is incapable of withstanding criticism. Were it true, one would expect to find that the prosperity of the working classes had followed and succeeded the growth of the labour organizations, that it was greatest in those trades where the Unions were strongest and least where they were weakest. There is no evidence in favour of any of these generalizations. On the contrary, there is abundant evidence pointing in the opposite direction. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb's "History of Trade Unionism" contains many admissions of considerable candour. "The expansion of trade, under the influence of which Trade Unionism, as we have seen, reached in 1873–4 one of its high-water marks, came suddenly to an end." "The year 1879 indeed was as distinctly a low-water mark of the Trade Union movement as 1873–4 registered a full tide of prosperity." Be it noted that 1872 is described by the Board of Trade as a year of maximum employment and 1879 as a year of minimum employment. "A wave of Trade Unionism, comparable in extent with those of 1833–4 and 1873–4 was now (1889) spreading into every corner of British

industry. Already in 1888 the revival of trade had led to a marked increase in Trade Union membership."

The membership and funds of the Trade Unions grow and always have grown in the immediate wake of an access of labour prosperity. Time and again events have moved in an identical sequence. A boom in trade lifts the level of wage rates. The increase encourages the natural belief that agitation can lift it still further, and the apparent paradox is manifested of great prosperity accompanied by seething discontent. The Trade Unions are not slow to gather in the harvest of recruits or to make militant use of the fresh funds which are placed at their disposal. A series of strikes ensues and helps to terminate a period of temporary prosperity and empty the war chests of the Trade Unions. Membership rapidly falls and a period of quiescence follows until the next boom sets in train the same cycle of events. The war and post-war boom which collapsed in 1921 differed from its predecessors of 1872, 1889, and 1899 in no respect but degree. Wage rates reached their apex in 1920 and so did industrial unrest. Both membership and reserve funds of the Trade Unions reached record figures. Then followed a period of innumerable strikes which progressively ate up their accumulations, until the final catastrophe of 1926 deprived them of the capacity to finance further industrial hostilities and cleared the way for peace in industry. The legitimate conclusion from the past is that Trade Union power is built up on labour prosperity and not vice versa. Wages are not high because Trade Unionism flourishes, but Trade Unionism flourishes because wages are high. The costly paraphernalia of district lodges, delegate conferences, highly paid secretariats, and general congresses are not the cause and creator of high wages, but a consequence of them.

Neither is it true that wages are lowest where Trade Unionism is weakest or conversely. Agriculturists have improved their economic position as much as any other class in the last eighty years and Trade Unions have never flourished amongst them. Although Trade Unionism is unknown among domestic servants, their case provides a striking example of steady appreciation of wage rates which no trade depression seems able to interrupt. No trace can be observed in their condition

of the progressive degradation of wage rates which is generally supposed to result from the free play of competition and the absence of Trade Union protection. On the other hand, to take the converse, some of the trades where Unionism is most powerful—for example, coal mining and shipbuilding—are precisely those trades which are most seriously affected by short-time working and unemployment, that is to say, by low average earnings.

A mass of historical evidence could be brought together to show that Trade Union success invariably follows, and therefore would appear to result from, labour prosperity. There is also much evidence to show that the most substantial improvement has occurred in some employments where Trade Unionism does not exist and never has existed; whilst some of the most depressed and degraded labour conditions are at present observable in occupations where Trade Union power has reached its zenith.

Apart from historical considerations, it is doubtful whether in the nature of things it is possible for Trade Unions to improve the real condition of labour beyond that point which would be reached without their aid, and by the operation of unrestricted competition—amongst employers, be it remembered, as well as employed. It is true that a formidable organization may force up wage rates to a level in advance of competitive rates, but high wage rates do not necessarily imply high wages or total earnings; still less do they imply high real wages as expressed in terms of what those earnings will buy.

Wage rates which are pushed up beyond the economic level, or the rate at which competition would establish them, add so much more to the cost of producing the article manufactured. The extra cost must be added to the price, so as to recoup the manufacturer for the higher cost. Higher prices result in lowered demand, fewer sales, less production and short time and unemployment for the workers. So it can well happen that the total amount paid out weekly in wages is less after, than before, a rise in wage rates.

By such considerations as these British labour leaders appear to be uninfluenced. An advance conceded under pressure they accept as their triumph, and, looking no

farther, they disregard the effect it may have on trade volume and employment. Since the extension of Unemployment Insurance to all but a few occupations, they have naturally become more reckless than ever. The State being called upon to compensate the worker for work lost through his insistence upon impossible economic terms, it is scarcely surprising that still less account is taken of employment extinguished through Trade Union intervention. As an example of their indifference, in some districts the minimum percentage fixed or demanded for miners is higher today, after seven years of severe depression, than it was in 1921. Many thousands of unemployed miners are now providing evidence of the truth that uneconomic wage rates, so far from constituting a blessing, stand between them and a decent subsistence. If the Trade Unions would adopt as their rule that no advance in wage rate should be demanded which would create unemployment or reduce the total sum paid out in wages, their policy would be less disadvantageous to the interests of their protégés.

The second result inimical to labour which follows from economically excessive wage rates is the increased price which labour as buyer and consumer has to pay. If the increase in wage rate is confined to one trade alone, the extra cost must be added to the price of the article which that trade produces, and the addition must be paid by the general consumer or buyer, that is, by the workers in other trades—who form the bulk of the consumers of the article. If, on the other hand, the advance is part of a general advance, common to all trades, the prices of commodities in general are raised and the workers lose as buyers and consumers what they gain as employees and producers. So either the advance in wage rate is purchased at the expense of other labour groups, or else it is cancelled out by the rise in the cost of living. In neither case does labour as a whole benefit.

These again are aspects of the situation which the labour leaders entirely ignore. They regard the workman solely in his capacity as producer. They neglect his interests as a consumer. Money wage rates are treated as of importance, but the quantities of food, clothing and the other necessities and comforts of life which wages will buy—the only essential matters—are regarded as

irrelevancies by the appointed guardians of working-class welfare. Since the war, the Trade Unions have largely succeeded in prolonging boom wage rates into a period of slump, at the cost, however, of unemployment on the one hand and high prices on the other—the two combining to lower the standard of life.

The real sources and guarantees of a high standard of living consist not in minimum wage rates, but in the capacity to produce in abundance the necessities, comforts and luxuries of life. The greater the bulk of such things produced by a nation, the greater will be the share of the total apportioned to each individual and the higher will be the standard of living.

But where, had they consulted the true interests of labour, the Trade Unions should have helped, they have consistently hindered. Their well-known dislike of piece-work, their limitations of hours and of apprenticeship, their rules of demarcation, restriction of output, the impediments which they still frequently throw in the way of improved processes and labour-saving machinery, and their general policy of rigid minimum wage rates, fixed at so high a level as to condemn a substantial proportion of workers to unemployment, and so to convert them into non-producers, are all directed to obstructing the production of wealth and therefore to depressing the standard of living.

Ironical as it may seem, it is the capitalist classes to whose energies and savings is due the vast growth of wealth-producing power in the last two centuries. Their efforts have continually been devoted to improving technical processes. Their savings have supplied the capital accumulations, without which new processes could not have been utilized. To them should be assigned the merit of having multiplied the national income and of having immeasurably raised the standard of living of a population nearly seven times as great as it was when the industrial revolution began. Their efforts have been persistently impeded by the organizations of the very classes which have derived the principal benefit from capitalist development. The capitalists have done the work and the obstructing Trade Unions have appropriated the credit. Truly the generally accepted opinion upon the value of Trade Unionism requires revision.

The New Regime in Roumania

By G. H. Lepper

On November 3 the Government of M. Vintila Bratianu tendered its resignation to the Roumanian Council of Regency. A week later, after attempts to form a national coalition ministry under the presidency of M. Titulescu, the Roumanian Minister in London, had proved fruitless, M. Maniu was entrusted with the task of forming an administration, and the Tsaranist (National Peasant) Party thereby gained the objective for which it had been striving with unswerving determination for years. At the general election on December 12 the Tsaranists secured over 80 per cent. of the votes cast, and the opposition parties in the new chamber have only a negligible number of seats. Readers of the well-informed article by Mr. Christopher Rawson in The English Review of last May, will not have been surprised at the turn of events, though they may have anticipated that it would not have been so long delayed.

In the end, the fall of the old regime and the transference of power to the National Peasant Party took place with an absence of commotion very gratifying to all well-wishers of Roumania, and particularly so to those intimately acquainted with the true state of affairs in that country. Roumania has, indeed, once again shown that her people possess the capacity for orderly and constitutional political development—a fact that they had previously demonstrated in the exceptionally difficult period immediately following the armistice, when they were exposed to dangers still very imperfectly realized in Western Europe, and emerged from grave perils by virtue of their own stability of mind.

The immediate cause of the fall of M. Bratianu was the arrangement of the foreign loan, for which he had been negotiating with an international banking group. The negotiations had reached a point at which it became necessary to ensure that there would be no danger of repudiation by the National Peasant Party in the event of the loan being arranged. M. Bratianu also wished to obtain an assurance from the Regency that in the event of the negotiations being successfully concluded he would be permitted to retain office. In view of the restive attitude of the Transylvanians and the strength of the general feeling that the National Peasant Party enjoyed

the support of a majority of the electorate, neither the Regency nor M. Maniu was willing to give M. Bratianu the guarantees he sought. Believing himself to be in a stronger tactical position than he really was, he thereupon tendered his resignation, and its acceptance by the Regency was probably as much of a surprise to him as it was welcome to his opponents.

It was perhaps not altogether a misfortune for Roumania that an unusually dry summer and its bad effect on crops had so accentuated the difficult financial condition of the State that the Government found it necessary to seek a foreign loan. Otherwise, had it been practicable for M. Bratianu to carry on still longer with his policy of making the country "live on its own fat," M. Maniu might have been driven to resort to a *coup d'état* to place his party in power. Happily for his own countrymen and for the peace of the Balkans, a constitutional solution removed all such dangers. For it cannot be too clearly recognized in the British Isles that the existence of a strong and prosperous Roumania is of vital importance to Europe. With her large area, rich soil, and mineral wealth, a weak and ill-defended Roumania would be a standing temptation to envious neighbours. Realization of this fact should ensure for the Maniu Government sympathetic consideration in the renewed negotiations for an external loan. M. George Mironescu, the new Minister for Foreign Affairs, assured me that the Maniu Government intended to continue the negotiations from the point to which they had been carried by the preceding administration, but, if possible, to secure an amelioration of the proposed terms; and M. Lugoshanu, one of the Under-Secretaries of State, arrived in Paris early last month to resume the loan discussions. It is no secret that the National Peasant Party have been inclined to favour a request for a reconstruction loan through the medium of the League of Nations, in the well-founded belief that better conditions could be secured in that way; but it is still uncertain whether they will adhere to this preference or accept such terms as may be obtainable from the banking group with which M. Bratianu was in negotiation.

In the interval between the resignation of the Bratianu Government and the formation of the new administration, although there was an undertone of anxiety, there was little

outward evidence of excitement in the capital or elsewhere. On the Thursday (M. Bratianu resigned on a Saturday) M. Titulescu arrived and spent the following twenty-four hours exploring the possibility of forming a national coalition. It is doubtful whether even the Regency, which had felt it necessary to make the attempt before calling on M. Maniu to form an administration depending solely on the National Peasant Party for support, really believed that a coalition could be arranged in the then existing state of tension between the Bratianu camp and the Tsaranists. Certainly few people in Bucharest thought so, and in spite of M. Titulescu's personal popularity it was widely felt that a successful outcome of his efforts would not have been in the best interests of the country, as it would have postponed the day, not improbably with serious consequences, when the inevitable issue between the Byzantines and the western democrats must be pressed to a decision.

It was then with a distinct feeling that an accumulation of electricity had been safely discharged that the news was received of M. Maniu having been summoned to the Regency to be asked to form a Government. In Bucharest, as at the frontier station of Jimbolia, M. Titulescu had been warmly acclaimed by the crowds, but it was a personal tribute. The shouts for Maniu were both personal and an indication of popular approval of the Tsaranists. This was more evident next day when the composition of the new ministry was announced. Processions headed by a small brass band, playing tunes with a somewhat barbaric lilt and bearing banners inscribed " Traiasca Iuliu Maniu " and " Traiasca Guvern Maniu " made their way down the Calea Victoriei to the square outside the Royal Palace. These were mainly demonstrations by the city Labour element, but the more bourgeois crowds in the square seemed equally content with the situation.

Political programmes are one thing and performance another, whether in Eastern or Western Europe, but it seems worth while to give the text of a statement on the policy of the new Government which was prepared for me by M. Maniu a few days after he had taken office, before offering a few comments on those aspects which are of more than local interest. The statement follows :

The programme which we shall endeavour to carry out is not the

result of theoretical ideas but the product of the deeply felt necessities of the country. In internal affairs we shall introduce a strict legality and the fullest civil and social liberty. Roumania's social reforms, especially the agrarian reform, have consolidated to such an extent the feeling of individual ownership on the part of all classes of the people that not the slightest subversive current now exists. To our ethnic and religious minorities we shall accord all that is required under the treaties that Roumania has signed in conformity with modern ideas of equity. But we shall demand on their part perfect loyalty to the Roumanian State.

In the sphere of economics we shall eliminate everything that could hamper the free development of trade and industry. Roumania is essentially an agricultural country and must for a long time to come remain so, 80 per cent. of her people being engaged on the soil; so we shall give to this branch of our national life all the attention that it deserves.

In regard to foreign affairs we shall follow the traditional policy of our country. We shall respect and strengthen already existing alliances and bonds of friendship with other countries. With those adjacent countries with which we have as yet no treaties of alliance or friendship we shall maintain good neighbourly relations and endeavour to place them on an enduring and mutually advantageous footing. Our foreign policy is a sincere policy of peace. For that reason we have the deepest confidence in the League of Nations and we shall accord it our full support in all circumstances.

Roumania nevertheless needs at present to reconstruct and consolidate its economic life. For this purpose a co-operation of foreign and national capital is necessary. We shall eliminate from our economic laws, more especially the mining and commercial legislation,* all measures which have hitherto prevented this co-operation and we shall place foreign capital on an equal footing with national capital. In connection with these measures we shall stabilize the national currency, this having been one of the main points of our programme during the past seven years.

Inspired by these principles and determined to carry them out with all our energy, we have the conviction that we shall give the country the prosperity to which it is entitled by its sacrifices and by its rich natural resources.

To Great Britain the economic policy of the new Government is of more direct concern than the various questions in dispute between Bucharest and Budapest, relating to ethnic minorities and financial claims, although from the bearing of these on the peace of Europe we cannot turn a blind eye on them. It may be said, however, that a settlement is more likely to be reached if third parties will refrain from taking sides on these questions. The economic policy of the Maniu Government differs in several very important respects from that of the

* The Bill to amend the Mining Law in this sense has already been prepared.

Liberal administration. The latter was, in its endeavours to make Roumania self-sufficing, more solicitous of secondary industries and bankers than of agriculture. It was afraid of foreign capital and, by compelling foreign concerns anxious to take a hand in developing the country's resources to form Roumanian companies in which a majority of the capital and of the directorates must be national, it placed obstacles in the way of free foreign co-operation in the development of the country. Very high import and export duties were another barrier. All this will be altered if the Maniu Government carries out its declared intentions. The changes cannot be effected immediately, and careful consideration must be given to any alterations in the existing laws, if injustice is to be avoided to both national and foreign capital invested under the legislation now in force. There is no reason to suppose that M. Maniu's administration, which includes men with previous ministerial experience and business ability, will proceed without a thorough study of the position. The important point is not so much the date of giving effect to these radical alterations of orientation as the fact that they are recognized as necessary to Roumanian prosperity by a party which enjoys such extensive support amongst all classes of the population. For it means a definite and probably final break with the "ourselves by ourselves" policy of the Bratianus and their allies and a frank acceptance of the fact that, great as Roumania's national resources admittedly are, they can only contribute in full measure to the national prosperity if the help of outside capital is secured in conditions which will make Roumania an attractive field for investment.

State finances are acknowledged to be in an unsatisfactory condition. Yet it must be recognized that this is very largely due to Roumania having attempted too much in her efforts at reconstruction without outside assistance. The budget has been balanced since 1922, though by a process of belt-tightening that has reacted unfavourably on the economic life of the country. It is, however, only just to acknowledge the magnitude of the work of reconstruction which had to be faced and the extent of the effort that has been made. When the war ended, the railways were in a deplorable state. In the old kingdom

most of the station buildings and points had been wrecked, sixty bridges with a total length of 3,000 yards had been destroyed, the double-track main line between Bucharest and the port of Constanta had been torn up, telegraph and telephone lines hardly existed, and reserves of material had disappeared. The remaining locomotives and rolling stock were totally inadequate in numbers and in very bad repair. The Bessarabian lines were of different gauge and had to be relaid to conform with the rest of the system. Today, though much more is required to modernize the railways and link them more effectively with the new provinces so that their produce may flow freely to the lower Danube and Black Sea ports, the system is at any rate in fairly good working order. The destruction of the surface plant of the oilfields—one of Roumania's many great sacrifices in the common cause—has been more than made good. By 1924 the output of petroleum had regained the pre-war level, and last year (1928) the estimated production was about double that of 1913.

British capital is already heavily interested in Roumania, mainly in the oilfields. Under the new conditions that are to be introduced it will doubtless increase its participation in this and other directions. In reply to a question as to the fields in which foreign capital would be most likely to find profitable openings, Prince Barbu Stirby, the head of the extensive Resita Steelworks and Domains, in which Messrs. Vickers have an interest, and the leading industrialist in Roumania, told me that the exploitation of mineral wealth would probably attract most attention. In addition to petroleum—Roumania is now the sixth in the list of oil-producing countries—coal, iron, copper, pyrites, manganese, lead, bauxite, chrome, mercury, and asphalt are mined. Timber is another valuable national asset.

How far British industry and commerce will benefit from the coming economic changes in Roumania must depend to a great extent on the energy with which trade is sought. Germans and Americans—the country is already "stiff" with American cars—are not idle, and if we are to increase our exports to Roumania—even now they are worth about £3,000,000 a year—we must display more enterprise than is evident at the moment.

Co-operative Societies and Their Effect Upon the National Economy

By Felix J. Blakemore

(*Past President of the National Chamber of Trade and the Wolverhampton Chamber of Commerce*)

WHEN the pioneers of Rochdale set out to establish what has since been described as the Co-operative Commonwealth, their ideals and aspirations were totally different from those that now animate the movement.

The initial idea of the originators was simple and selfish. The notion that a tailor, a bootmaker, a clerk or a blacksmith, by pooling the weekly amount of cash they each spent upon sugar, could thus buy in wholesale quantities, and so save the legitimate profit of the distributor, for the purpose of equal distribution amongst themselves, offended against the economic laws of communal life possibly never occurred to them.

In a well-organized community you have people of all crafts. The tailor makes clothes for himself and family, and his surplus production he must exchange with the bootmaker for boots, the butcher for meat and the baker for bread, but there arrives a time when the tailor wants bread, but the baker does not want clothes; hence the former must go short of bread till the latter wants a coat, an impossible position. The difficulty is overcome in the modern state by what may be called the store of exchange, i.e. the distributor, and he is just as much entitled to secure a livelihood for the services he renders to the community, as the tailor, the bootmaker, the butcher or the baker. At the same time he must also share equal responsibility with his fellows for the necessary public expenditure incurred to maintain the amenities and protection of a well-ordered community.

There is, however, another essential condition, and that is that each craftsman or distributor should be efficient in his calling, and in order to be that he must specialize, and by learning and practice be thus able to render the best service possible to the society of which he is an essential unit.

Had the intentions and ideals of the earliest promoters of the Co-operative movement been strictly adhered to

through the years that have passed since its inception, it could never have obtained the imposing position in the world of commerce that it occupies today.

The original idea was a strictly limited and family one, and growth was only stimulated by casting to the winds those principles, narrow though they were, which prompted its inception, and by developing a trading policy far in excess of anything that can be described as "mutuality."

The retail societies, as they exist today, are controlled by a local committee, the personnel of which comprises in the main those who have had no specialized training in the multitudinous ramifications of distributive trade. They may be skilled citizens, clerks, miners or superannuated railway employees, splendidly efficient at their own job, no doubt, but they have no practical experience of the business they direct; hence they are completely at the mercy of their employees, their managers and assistants. This lack of experienced control conduces to uneconomic administration in management and inefficiency in the executive grades.

Many of these societies have been, and some still are, in financial difficulties. Many disputes have arisen with employees; and strikes and lock-outs have occurred much more frequently than among the staffs of the private trader, while the services rendered to the community have been much below the usual standard of distribution.

The trained man, controlling his own business, with his knowledge of commercial geography, world's markets, and the desires and idiosyncrasies of his clients, must always give more efficient service and better value to the community than societies controlled by good, honest and conscientious craftsmen, as many undoubtedly are, but lacking in practical experience of the work they control.

It may be logically asked, if the case is as I have described, how it is that the progress of the Co-operative movement has been so rapid and so great, and at the expense mostly of the private trader.

There are three fundamental reasons which explain this apparent paradox.

First, the distribution of the monthly or quarterly dividend on purchases appeals to those who desire to be thrifty but have not the strength of will to initiate the

effort. This dividend, in many cases, comes as a windfall; it is frequently utilized to provide a new rug, a new clock, or some other article of domestic utility, which on arrival is at once exhibited to the admiring inspection of the neighbours. It thus provides a very excellent advertisement for the stores, irrespective of the fact that the new addition to the wealth of the home has been procured by the charging of commodity prices at a higher rate than those of other shops.

On many occasions in the past, concrete examples have been produced of this overcharging on the part of societies, even by people who were not antagonistic to the movement, but the difficulty of illustrating this to the person who has just become possessed of something he or she would not have had but for the receipt of the dividend is at once apparent and understandable.

Secondly, there is the propaganda made available by accumulated funds, which had not the societies been registered under the Industrial and Provident Societies Act, 1893, would have been partially required to meet demands for payment of taxation under Schedules C and D. This propaganda takes the form of all kinds of entertainment, tea parties, outings, social evenings, and is in effect of great penetrative value in securing additional membership.

Thirdly, there is the great extension of manufacturing, contracting and selling to all kinds of purchasers, totally outside the confines of "mutuality" or Co-operative membership.

It would appear that the huge sums yearly placed to reserves, amounting, according to the official returns of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies in 1924, to £8,884,678, do give the societies a considerable competitive value, particularly in estimating for huge contracts for supplies or constructional works such as bridge building, etc.; and as none of the yearly sums placed to reserve is subject to tax under Schedules C or D, accumulation must be at a much more rapid rate than is possible in private enterprise.

It has frequently been stated by those holding official positions in the movement that this trading with persons and concerns outside the ambit of mutual membership only amounts to a very small percentage of the total

turnover, but it must be remembered that the conditions of membership are so easily complied with, being purposely freed from any very onerous responsibilities, that heavy volumes of trade, particularly in the wholesale and productive sections, could be easily camouflaged. Be that as it may, the main point always to be borne in mind is that such wide and extensive trading ramifications were never contemplated by Parliament, when in an attenuated House many years ago the astute leaders of the movement secured the powers to be so registered as to evade taxation under Schedules C and D.

The present immunity of the societies has been achieved by what may be termed a process of evolution. Certain powers were given to companies registered under the Industrial and Provident Societies Act, as far back as 1852, but it was not until 1893 that an Act was passed giving immunity under Schedule D to societies which were so registered, and whose shares were unlimited.

The present Master of the Rolls, Lord Hanworth, speaking in the House of Commons as Mr. Ernest Pollock, M.P., on June 21, 1916, referred to that Act as follows :—

> In the year 1893, however, another Act was passed and I have taken the trouble to see how that Act came to be passed. It is rather a curious story, and may have some relation to the system of those days. The Act was never discussed at all in this House. The immunity thus given under section 24 never received even a passing observation from any member in this House. The whole matter was dealt with by a small Select Committee. A tribute was paid to one hon. member who had taken an interest in the matter. It was a case of *sic volo, sic jubeo*, and the matter passed through without any scrutiny.*

What effect does the growth of this movement have upon the economic conditions of the State ? Obviously, the removal outside the area of taxation under Schedules C and D each year of an ever larger and larger volume of trade must eventually be a serious menace to the national revenue. The additional financial power conferred upon the movement by this immunity from taxation must help materially to eliminate, either by absorption or otherwise, taxpaying competition; and every time a taxpaying unit of the community is eliminated and replaced by a non-taxpaying Co-operative store, not only is the National revenue so much the poorer, but the additional burden falling on the next taxpaying unit

* "Hansard," Vol. 83, No. 56.

provides a definite stage in the process of its elimination, thus still further reducing the taxable area. This procedure, followed to its logical conclusion, would produce a financial position of considerable embarrassment to future Chancellors of the Exchequer.

In order to meet the argument that taxes charged under Schedule D are paid out of profits, and therefore, if no profits are made, no liability for tax accrues to the private trader, an example from Coventry may be quoted to illustrate how the non-taxpaying store secures an advantage over its taxpaying competitor.

A private trader, a grocer in the Midland town, with a wife and four children whom he educated at his own expense, by industry, self-sacrifice and close attention to his business, was making such a profit each year as to render him liable to income tax to the amount of approximately £50 per annum. In close proximity to his establishment, a Co-operative store was opened, and assuming that the store made a similar profit each year, at the end of ten years an accumulated reserve of £500 over and above what the private trader possessed, would have been created.

That additional reserve might have been used—

(*a*) To improve purchasing power by paying more promptly and securing discounts;

(*b*) To make a more elaborate display in shop, window fittings, etc.;

(*c*) To give more extended credit accommodation to customers; and

(*d*) To extend propaganda by increased dividends, tea parties and other ingenious methods.

Whether this additional reserve was so used or not, the private trader, faced with an unequal competition, provided out of funds to which (irony of ironies) he had himself indirectly contributed, ceased to be a taxpaying unit, and ultimately was driven out of business altogether. It may be argued that such a result might have been achieved by competition other than a Co-operative store; true, but in that case the national revenue would not have suffered by the loss of a taxpaying unit.

The recent activities of the Co-operative movement have resulted in the purchase out of reserves of large blocks of businesses, some with many branch establishments hitherto paying large sums in income tax, Schedule D, all of which have now become immune from such tax.

Looking to the future, and quite apart from the present widespread agitation of the organized private

trading interests, the Government of the day, whatever its politics, will be compelled by sheer force of circumstances to take action on the lines recommended in the majority report of the last Royal Commission on Income Tax. Otherwise the taxable field will become so attenuated as to yield insufficient revenue to meet the national needs.

The recommendations of the Royal Commission were as follows :—

Any part of the net proceeds which is not actually returned periodically to members as dividend or discount or bonus on purchases, is a profit, and should be charged to Income Tax. The income derived from reserves should, irrespective of the particular mode of investment, be subject to tax . . . in effect, a society should be treated exactly as a limited liability company would be, trading under similar circumstances and conditions.

If these proposals are acted upon, it will be necessary to amend the existing law, in so far as it confers special exemption on Co-operative Societies.

Wholesale and productive societies should be treated on exactly the same basis as distributive societies.

The recent growth of the movement is best illustrated by the returns published by the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies in November, 1927, the last available.

Membership at the end of 1926 : 5,177,000.
Increase of 291,000, or 6 per cent. over 1925.
Sales during 1926, £283,200,000.
Net surplus, £23,180,000 (before deduction of interest on share capital).
Total share, loan and reserve capital, £156,837,000.
The increase in capital over 1925 was £4,324,000, or 2·8 per cent.

These figures relate to industrial co-operative societies registered under the Industrial and Provident Societies Acts, and do not include any agricultural societies.

It is doubtful if Parliament ever intended that profits arising from trade outside the membership of the Co-operative movement should be non-chargeable to tax under Schedules C and D. The section under which this immunity is claimed is Section 24 of the Industrial and Provident Societies Act, which is as follows :—

A Registered Society shall not be chargeable under Schedules C and D of the Income Tax Acts unless it sells to persons not Members thereof, AND the number of Shares of the Society is limited either by its rules or its practice. But no member of, or person employed by, the Society shall be exempt from any assessment to the said duties to which he would be otherwise liable.

The officials of the Board of Inland Revenue interpret

this to mean that, so long as the shares in a society are not limited, trading with outside interests does not invalidate the claim to "mutuality." This leakage appears to be due to carelessness in the drafting of the section; had the word "or" been inserted in place of the word "and" after "thereof," then it would appear that the surpluses accruing on all trade *outside* the societies membership would have been subject to tax under Schedules C and D.

The leaders of the Co-operative movement, in taking advantage of what may have been an oversight on the part of an official responsible for drafting Section 24, are (if their statements are a correct expression of their considered opinion) guilty of a grave error of judgment. They have repeatedly stated—in the House of Commons, on the public platform, and in evidence before the Royal Commission on Income Tax—that they are at present paying income tax equivalent in amount to what they would have to pay under an ordinary assessment to Schedules C and D. If that is so, why continue to fight against the recommendation of the Royal Commission, and the urgings of the private traders' organizations of the country? Why continue to resist the appeals of their fellow-citizens to submit to the same methods of tax assessment as other trading concerns?

It does appear to be a lack of foresight to continue to oppose such a strong force of public opinion as exists in the country today, particularly when much goodwill and relief from agitation might be secured, enabling a transference of duties from the distasteful work of opposition to one's fellows to a work of reconstruction and further development which may be more fruitful both in service and reward. It only remains to quote part of the final paragraph of a Treasury Memorandum issued on April 30, 1927, as follows:—

> Nevertheless the question remains whether the Co-operative Societies with their exceptional position and their great collective wealth would not be wise in agreeing with the Exchequer on some form of extra payment within these limits and without abandoning the general principle of the immunity of mutual transactions. In return for this they would be able to show to all the world that they had in all respects paid their share of the National taxation, as fully as the rest of His Majesty's subjects, and as fully as if their businesses were conducted as a non-mutual enterprise.

Greece on the Rack

Diplomats at Play

By Col. Sir Thomas Montgomery Cuninghame, Bart., D.S.O.

THE timely publication in English of Mr. Cosmetatos's history of Greece * during the war, illustrates well the manners of great countries towards little ones when they have them at their mercy. Advocates for the outlawry of war claim that the benevolent despotism of the greatest Powers will save their smaller neighbours from the anxieties and miseries of armed conflict. According to their plan the little countries are to come to the bar of justice, as conceived by their gigantic overlords, for a settlement of their difficulties. If we want to know the form which such justice can take, when there is nothing to prevent its forcible application, we can find in the example of Greece an interesting illustration, but one little calculated to encourage small countries to turn their swords into ploughshares.

Truly the heavens were hard upon Greece in permitting a gang of men to worry her, the like of which has never never before simultaneously tortured a wretched State. She herself to some extent contributed, by providing herself with a Prime Minister whose conceptions of loyalty were loose, and who, like Codlin, wished to secure a monopoly of friendship from his patrons by stigmatizing all who disagreed with him as enemies of their cause. Apart from him, however, the choice of the representatives of the Maritime Powers was scarcely happy. A French general, uncouth, quarrelsome, versed in political conspiracy; a French Minister, excitable, credulous, without powers of diagnosis or judgment; a junior French naval officer placed in a position not justified by his experience or attributes, but able, owing to want of accord between two departments of Government, to conduct a campaign of slander and false witness. A British Minister, so under the charm of the Greek Prime Minister that he did not hesitate to back him in subversive acts, without being able in the end to demonstrate that he had advised us to support the right man. A Russian Minister, half drawn by his own high social position to sympathize with established order, yet unable to draw a clear line between permissible pressure and unpermissible violence—all these, like a flock of sheep, bleating in

* "The Tragedy of Greece." By M. E. Cosmetatos. Kegan Paul. 15s.

one disastrous key to the complete detriment of our own best hopes. So tragic a pantomime has seldom been played on the world's stage.

The sufferers were, of course, the common people—the thousands of gallant soldiers, who lost their lives unnecessarily on the Peninsula of Gallipoli, because of the ineptitude of our diplomacy, the peasants and workmen of Greece, who were starved by blockades imposed for no conceivable reason other than that they interpreted loyalty as every loyal man should interpret it. The harm done, however, does not stop here. It extends to the prolongation of the war by locking up half a million men in Macedonia who might have been employed in France, and also to the collapse of Russia owing to the failure of the Dardanelles enterprise.

In all this welter of oppression, chicanery and folly, is there one single clear thread of policy to be discerned? There is not. What did the Powers want of Greece? They could not say, because they did not know. When Greece offered her aid, it was refused. When she acquiesced and withdrew her offer, she was blockaded. When she mobilized, she was told she must demobilize. When she demobilized, she was ordered to cease demobilizing.

The late Sir Henry Wilson used to relate that when, before the war, the use of the British Expeditionary Force was tentatively offered to France, the French General Foch described it genially as "a not wholly negligible reinforcement." The Greek army in 1914 could have been similarly described. Nominally rather larger than our Expeditionary Force, it had not the same powers of expansion. None the less, with King and General Staff, it was an efficient instrument, and probably, for its size, the best in the Balkans. Its value, however, depended upon its cohesion, and its cohesion upon the unity and unanimity of the people from whom it was recruited. A child would have understood the high importance of avoiding political dispute in Greece if it was hoped to make use of the army. Our crazy diplomats were concerned to sow dissension, careless of the result, indifferent to propriety as well as to our reputation as a fairminded and commonsense folk. Taking advantage of war secrecy and war propaganda, they initiated a campaign which is unsurpassed in the long and neurasthenic history of diplomatic endeavour.

Unconsciously Mr. Cosmetatos divides his story into two periods : the first when the diplomatic impulse came from England, and the second when it came from France. From the standpoints of the Good, the Beautiful and the True, there is little to choose between them. Such plans as were put on foot to achieve definite results were neither practically conceived nor wisely conducted. During the British period there was, perhaps, a faint glimmer of a more consistent aim, but no more skilful effort to attain it. In both régimes military necessity was wholly sacrificed to political caprice. The British era was, however, comparatively free from the contemptible petty bullying which disfigured the Gallic period.

From the first the British Foreign Office discounted help from Greece against Turkey. We find the clue to this attitude in the " Memoirs of Lord Grey," wherein he informs us that the Greek offers of co-operation against Constantinople, which were made in April 1915, were declined on account of a fear lest Russia should detach herself from the alliance if she saw King Constantine entering Constantinople at the head of Greek troops. As far as previous offers made by the Greeks are concerned—and be it noticed these were made by Mr. Venizelos—Lord Grey is clearly entitled to plead such a reason for declining them, for they were made spontaneously and without invitation. But in the case of the offer of King Constantine, which extended to the use of the whole army and fleet, the British Foreign Minister of that time had himself, in the course of the preceding month, asked the Greeks to make an offer, and had, moreover, threatened that, unless they did so quickly, the benefits which by an earlier promise were to accrue to them, would be withheld. Now clearly, if Lord Grey thought that the Russians would object so violently to Greek assistance, he ought not to have invited the Greeks at all, much less threatened them with penalties if they made no response. If he felt constrained to invite the Greeks—subjecting them, be it observed, to all sorts of dangers in doing so—he ought to have answered for his ally. To force them to show their hand and then to repel them was not a wise or straightforward act. Far less justifiable was acquiescence in the cruel campaign of propaganda which was instituted against the men who made the offer, simply because diplomatic difficulties compelled its rejection.

At first Lord Grey seems to have had the same doubts as to the ultimate action of the Bulgars as the Greeks, who from first to last expected their hostility. He desired to win them to our side, but could only suggest concessions at the expense of our friends—concessions which, in the case of Greece, he has declared in his "Memoirs" to be unjustifiable. Worse still, he left the task of negotiation—so far as the proposal was concrete at all—in the hands of the one man who, like Wotan in the "Ring," was so tied by his own treaties that he could not move. It was not until Mr. Venizelos had fallen that the Foreign Office took up the mantle of Elijah and set to work to coerce our friends in earnest. By that time, unfortunately, the bottom was out of the Dardanelles crusade; our prestige had suffered and our credit had fallen. Bulgaria was already looking back to the side which seemed to have the greater number of fresh bayonets available for local use. The Allies have justified their attempt to win Bulgaria at the expense of Greece by pointing to the fact that Mr. Venizelos had been converted to its wisdom. It is interesting, therefore, to learn from Mr. Cosmetatos that the Greek ex-Premier went out of his way to publish the fact that he only toyed with it in a general way, and never adopted it as a practical policy, so that apparently another egg laid at this juncture, and from which so much was hoped, was addled from the start.

It never seems to have occurred to the coterie of Demiurges who were struggling to re-weld a confederation in the Balkans (which had never really existed), that the only possible way to attain their end was to carry through a successful military campaign, and to achieve union in the full flood of success. When the Austrian Field-Marshal Conrad von Hoetzendorf was asked how he could contemplate war, seeing that Austria-Hungary was a mere pie of nationalities, he answered, "Iron fuses best when it is hot!" Lord Grey himself once said to the writer, "Whoever was responsible for sending the Mediterranean Force to the Dardanelles, it was not the Foreign Office!" This may well be so. The campaign was not elaborated as an imposing military spectacle, which could be used as a powerful incentive in diplomatic negotiation. It grew from little things to big, as King Constantine prophesied that it would. "Unless you

have a large army," he said, "you won't get through. If you have a large army, why go to the Dardanelles at all?" It is not as if such a statement were a mere after-event criticism. At the time of an earlier crisis the plan of assaulting the Peninsula of Gallipoli had been considered by high authority and had been rejected. No strategist of standing ever recommended it. If, then, in old days, when battle-fronts were limited, the Peninsula of Gallipoli was deemed an unsuitable locality for a major military enterprise, how much more unsuitable was it for the tactics of today in which turning movements are so constant a feature? The way to deal with the Turkish army was to seek it in the open, where the conditions were favourable to the attack. In this case, as the rallying of Bulgaria to our side was one of the by-products hoped from the enterprise, the only sensible plan of campaign was a joint Anglo-Greek descent upon the mainland of Thrace, with a call to Bulgaria to join in the hunt against Constantinople. This was the gist of the Greek counter-plan which was put forward for our consideration in April 1915. It was, as stated above, rejected: nominally, as the French Foreign Minister said, "because the Greeks envisage the operations in a manner different to that of the Allies," but really, as we learn now from Lord Grey, because the Entente feared Russian objection. It should be none the less remembered that the Greeks had agreed to co-operate in the assault upon Gallipoli—if the Entente insisted upon adhering to that plan—provided that the latter led the way. The only acknowledged objection to the offer as thus amended was the Greek demand for a guarantee that Greek territory should not be ceded to Bulgaria. That this was embarrassing to the Allies becomes evident with the realization that they were at the moment coquetting with Bulgaria for her assistance with the promise of substantial parts of her neighbour's territory. It is as though France had promised Kent and Liverpool to Italy as the price of her adherence.

Had the Allies accepted this Greek offer, instead of leaving it purposely unanswered, Greek intervention on our side at Gallipoli would have been decisive. Victory would have been ours, and with victory the winning of Bulgaria without the indignity of robbing our friends.

Though the Foreign Office were not enthusiastic

about getting the Greeks to fight the Turks—preferring the Bulgars for that task, if they could get them—they were very anxious that the Greeks should march to the direct help of the Serbs along the Danube. In pursuit of this policy, three separate attempts were made to induce them to do so. Here, however, again the Entente were badly advised. The Greek plan vis-à-vis to Bulgaria was perfectly sound. So long as Bulgaria remained potentially hostile, it was folly to ask the Greeks to march north of Salonika, or even really to mobilize at all. And as long as the Greeks remained with their forces intact, with the whole speculative reinforcement of the Entente behind them, Bulgaria was completely neutralized. But the moment Greece declared her hand and marched to the north, the difficulties of Bulgaria were ended. She could concentrate against Salonika, cut off Serbs and Greeks alike, and prevent thereafter any landing in force by the Allies in the bay of Salonika. The King and the Greek General Staff understood this well. They had passed their word to the Serbs that they would keep their army ready to intervene if the Bulgars moved. Even Mr. Venizelos recognized the imprudence of marching to the help of the Serbs, unless either Bulgaria or Roumania sided definitely with the Allies. He, however, did not pay the same regard to the spirit of the agreement as the King and the General Staff did, for he was ready to advocate the employment of Greek troops in other regions, including Gallipoli, without concerning himself with the Bulgarian danger. But, whereas the Entente were content to acquiesce without comment in the refusal of Mr. Venizelos to countenance a strategical outrage by marching to the help of the Serbs, they were not content to do so in the case of the unhappy King Constantine. Although the aforesaid arrangement with the Serbs—which was an adaptation of the Greek-Serb Treaty—had been conceived by Mr. Venizelos on the outbreak of the war, when he was still at Munich and out of touch with the Court, it was upon the person of the King that the full brunt of Entente criticism fell for its implications. A typical example is a telegram sent to the Foreign Office in the very early days of the war: "King Constantine shows signs of slipping out of his engagements with the Serbs, at the instigation of his German wife."

It was during the British period that the legend of the

King and the General Staff as satellites of Berlin arose. From it all our troubles proceeded. It poisoned everything; it confused everything; it frustrated and sterilized everything. By stooping to promote a slander belonging to the sordid squabbles of local Greek politics, we deprived ourselves of all ability to influence affairs in the Near East before disaster overtook us and our friends. Sowing the wind, we reaped the whirlwind. When, therefore, the long-concealed intention of King Ferdinand was disclosed and Bulgaria, laughing at our naïveté, entered the lists against us, we had to concede the direction of diplomatic policy to the French, with every military issue hopelessly compromised.

From the point of view of the Greeks, King Log was succeeded by King Stork. Mr. Cosmetatos traces skilfully the growing weight of the French hand. It begins in October 1915, after both Britain and France had declared war upon Bulgaria.

> Venizelos tells us that in his opinion the promise of Bulgarian Thrace to Greece by the Entente would enable him to turn Greek feeling in favour of intervention. . . . If after this tempting offer from the Allies they also make Greece realize that they are resolved to use coercion against her, then, in the opinion of Mr. Venizelos, the position of the King would become untenable, if he persisted in his passive policy.

So the Entente, which had started the war to preserve the neutrality of Belgium, was to extend it by forcing the neutrality of Greece! The invitation, moreover, to use force for the purpose, emanated from one of her most prominent citizens. Surely the shade of Themistocles must have been looking down on Athens in those days.

How dangerous the situation then was none but the Greek soldiers realized. When they had tried to induce the Serbs in the spring to make combined plans with them against the expected hostility of Bulgaria, they had been stopped by the direct intervention of the Entente, partly for fear of affronting the Bulgars and partly in order to prevent any form of aggressive action neutralizing the obligations of the Greek-Serb Treaty. No plans, therefore, existed when the Bulgars swept down upon the Serbs and drove them over the Albanian Mountains. The Greek reserve of artillery ammunition had been sent to the Serbs in earlier days, and at the request of the Entente. The French had tried to replace it, but the new cartridges were found on arrival to be of a different calibre. The Allies and the Greeks were trying to use simultaneously,

for the purpose of assembly, the single Port of Salonika. The Entente troops were arriving in driblets, unprovided with transport or the proper allotment of military stores and unequipped for fighting in mountainous regions. A powerful effort by the enemy might drive the whole force, Allies and Greeks together, into the sea. In November the German and Bulgar forces, after conquering the whole of Serbia, marched victoriously to the Greek frontier, driving back the weak contingents of General Sarrail. What was to be done next?

If Greece entered the war, nothing could prevent the fall of Salonika. If she remained neutral, the Maritime Powers would be offended. It was not a pleasant situation. King Constantine, on the advice of his Ministers, dissolved the Chamber, in order to settle by an election the wishes of his people with regard to peace or war. As the enemy was at the gate, however, he retained 260,000 voters in the ranks of the army. This gave at once an opening for one of the characteristic complaints of the Entente diplomats. As it was thought that the elections would be favourable to Mr. Venizelos, the King was attacked for not demobilizing, though simultaneously he was implored not to open the frontier by disbanding his troops. Inconsistencies of this sort were rather the rule than the exception in these Bedlamite times. When later it was discovered that the voters in the ranks were solidly anti-Venizelist, an effort was made to postpone the elections altogether, although in a previous note early elections had been insisted on.

In December the German General Falkenhayn sent a message to the Greek Government through the German Military Attaché to say that, if the forces of the Entente were not neutralized by Greece as soon as they retired into Greek territory, the Germans would no longer hold the Bulgars back from invading Greece. On December 10th King Constantine—again on the advice of his Prime Minister—intervened directly and personally with the German Emperor and secured as a personal favour that there should be no offensive against the French and British on Greek territory. Germany, in agreeing, sardonically hoped "that King Constantine would not soon repent of his astonishing forbearance towards a foreign army, which he had imprudently allowed to install itself as masters on his territory."

It would be an ungenerous man who would deny the

difficulty of the position in which the King was placed. Whatever he did, he was certain to lose by it. If he admitted the Germans and did not side with the Allies, the latter would turn and rend him. If he sided with the Allies, he would share their disaster. In any case the French detachments and the infantry of the British 10th Division, would be overwhelmed where they stood, and in the worst case, the whole defence of Macedonia would collapse. Yet, doubtless, the King knew what he was doing when he approached his brother-in-law and anticipated the kind of gratitude he would receive from the Allies for saving their troops from enforced sojourn in Germany. He gave his enemies the handle they wanted. Henceforth he was the man who was in communication with the German Emperor.

Thereafter things moved rapidly to their appointed end. The French, humiliated by the King's action, laid their plans deep to depose him, and in their so-called secret intelligence group had at disposal a camarilla prepared to invent any sort of evidence which the changing colours of the atmosphere might require. To get an idea of the resourcefulness of these comedians the reader should study the extracts which Mr. Cosmetatos gives of the report of Admiral Dartige du Fournet.

Honest men there were who tried to intervene—Lord Kitchener—frankly puzzled by the whole business—Mr. Walter Harris of the *Times*, MM. Denys Cochin and Benazet, the writers Paxton Hibben and Mr. Harding Davis—all, in fact, who had the candour and honesty to recognize the true character of a problem not so very complicated. What, however, could a few men do against the mass of public opinion which had been deliberately misled ?

In a conclusion of great power, and with telling force, the author sums up the essential facts of this moving, but tragic, drama. The past is past. We cannot recall it, least of all call back those gallant lives that were so unnecessarily sacrificed. Yet this book, sad as it is for us to read, should be studied by fair-minded Englishmen, not only that they may learn of the strange things that were done in their names, but also that they may understand the truth about King Constantine, whose engaging personality and great military gifts would have made him a favourite of our people, if a malicious and undeserved fate had not intervened to hide his true character from us.

The Father

By W. G. Nott-Bower

It happened as long ago as last August, and at Fallowden it is, I dare say, more than half-forgotten by now, for the countryman is a confirmed fatalist, being nearer to the core of things than the townsman. But to me it is still so vivid a memory that, as I think of it, I can almost see the white ribbon of dusty road and, over the stunted beech hedge, the soft lovely vista of meadow and hop-garden, copse, and orchard, with here and there the white vanes and tapering russet roofs of a pair of oast-houses, all aslumber in the warm summer haze. It seemed to me, coming rather tired and jaded from a London office, that the whole store of Kentish magic was gathered into the perfect glory of that day. And it was on such a day, and in such a place, that Death—a wry clown, if ever there was one—thought fit to loose a casual shaft, and cast his chill shadow suddenly across an enchanted land.

Fallowden (as I will call it—the accent, of course, on the last syllable) lies somewhere in that green triangle that is bounded by Tunbridge Wells, Ashford, and Maidstone. It is two or three good Kentish miles from the nearest station, and even when you get there, the trains are of the kind that is only punctual when you are not. They show a proper reluctance, too, to hurry themselves; and to the impatient Londoner they seem to say, in pompous, asthmatic remonstrance, "Come, come, sir; this is a gallery of incomparable pictures, not a racing track!"

That (the railway, I mean) is the reason why I was so surprised to hear that my friends, the Grahams, had suddenly migrated to Fallowden. Hugh Graham works in town, and has to keep fairly long hours; so I was curious to discover what peculiar charm there was in this place so potent as to make three hours a day in the train worth while.

I went down to Fallowden one Sunday in August, and I had not been there for a clear hour before I bowed to its spell, and ceased troubling about "a decent train back" (of course, there wasn't such a thing in any case, and eventually I had to motor an incredible distance to Maidstone). The Grahams had only just got into their

house. It stood fifty yards away from the road, but in full view of it—an old farmhouse dating back perhaps three hundred years, built sturdily and lovingly, as they built in those unhurried days, of warm russet brick and Kentish oak. The front was cream-washed, and the tiles of the roof were ruddy and weather-beaten as the cheeks of an Elizabethan rover. Inside, it was a cool dream of snow-white walls, rough-plastered; monstrous oaken beams gnarled and split and smoke-blackened; and uneven floors of heavy planks, oatmeal-grey with age, and deeply scarred. Over all, running the whole length of the house, was a great raftered attic, and in the middle of it a giant king-post, bearing the high roof Atlas-like upon its rugged shoulders. I stood at a window looking out over the little orchard and the pond to the wooded slopes that faded into a warm haze beyond, and the spell of that house and of that countryside held me utterly in thrall, so that the world seemed a place of sheer delight, inviolate and inviolable.

After lunch (wherein the body discovered a peace no less beatific than that already granted to the soul), Hugh and I repaired to the bathroom, a dormer-windowed, sun-baked cubby-hole beneath the eaves, and proceeded with old dinner-knives and leisurely optimism to adapt a portion of the family linoleum to its new home. What with the heat and our shortcomings as sculptors of linoleum, it was nearly teatime before we had finished. I loafed out into the garden for a few minutes before tea, and drank deep again of that still, miraculous peace. Fugitive scraps from "The Scholar Gipsy" swam lazily across the horizon of my consciousness. . . .

"All the live murmur of a summer's day. . . ." A new sound came to my ears, borne softly across the meadow from the copse below . . . voices . . . a muffled shout . . . "distant cries of reapers in the corn? . . ." Of course not; it was Sunday. But a pleasant fancy, all the same. . . . The voices ceased, and I went in to tea.

. . . . . .

Half an hour later, it having become suddenly and disturbingly apparent that there would be no milk for the children's supper, I volunteered to go and beg some from the farm. If there was any difficulty (they told me), I was to ask for Mr. Knight, and say where I came

from. So I set off with the milk-can, secretly delighted with an errand so entirely in accord with my Elysian mood. Arrived at the cross-roads, opposite the farm gates, I found several people standing about, most of them in obvious "Sunday best." It occurred to me that they must be waiting to start for church; but it was only half-past five. Also, there seemed to be more animation about them than usually characterizes such a gathering in the country. However, I didn't devote much thought to the matter, as my chief concern was how to conceal the milk-can. I went on into the farmyard, where I soon detected, from a far corner, sounds suggestive of milking—the staccato thud of a hoof on a cobbled floor, the clink of a pail, and contented snufflings. Nothing loth, I lingered in the doorway of the stable, half in the sun and half in velvet shadow, and watched the antics of a black kitten, fuzzy as a penwiper, that peeped and fleered at me from beneath a water-butt. Then I heard snatches of gruff talk from the darkness behind me. . .

"'E'd no business theer at all. . ."

"None of them lads knowed 'ow ter swim. . . ."

"That yoong 'Arker chap, 'e's a proper yoong fule. . ."

"Ah! . . . that's a nasty place, that is. . . ."

It is curious, looking back on it, to realize that although I heard these words quite plainly, the extraordinary peace of the place and of the day seemed to deprive them of any real import. It was as though during the playing of a superb symphony someone had made a scraping noise with his chair for a moment. The senses registered the sound automatically, but there was no reaction in the mind.

Then one of the speakers emerged with a pail of foaming milk, and I followed him, with the kitten in close attendance, across the cobbled yard to the little dairy adjoining the farm kitchen, where the milk was tipped into a strainer to trickle down into a vast enamel bowl below.

I inquired diffidently for Mr. Knight, and displayed my can. The cowman regarded me uncertainly. "Best see missus," he said, non-committally, and stumped away to resume his milking. As I turned to leave the dairy an inner door opened, and a woman's voice, quiet and level, came from the shadow: "I'm afraid Mr. Knight has gone out. There's been trouble."

The door opened farther, revealing a glimpse of a spacious kitchen with red-tiled floor and gleaming brasses. The speaker was an elderly woman, tall and placid-faced, with iron-grey hair parted in the middle, and a heavy gold brooch at the neck of her black silk dress. I apologized, and explained the nature of my errand. She smiled at once and came forward and took the can. "I'm sure Mrs. Graham is very welcome," she said, and filled it with a ladle from the enamel bowl. I murmured something about the "trouble"—hoped it was not serious. "It's a lad from the village," she said, in the same even, quiet tones; "got drowned bathing in the Low Pond, yonder. They'd no right to go at all. It's a sad thing for his mother—a respectable woman she is."

I don't remember saying anything in particular, but I suppose I made sympathetic noises. I *can* remember feeling a sudden sense of resentment at this mannerless intrusion of tragedy. It still seemed unreal to me, as I stood in the little cool dairy, and heard the soft tick of the grandfather clock in the kitchen beyond. Mrs. Knight (for it was obviously she) smiled again, with a suggestion of embarrassment. "If you go back through the woodyard," she said, "you'll meet Mr. Knight, as like as not. He's gone to see about getting up the body."

I thanked her automatically, and went out with my can of milk into the road, and across it through a gate, into the woodyard. There was a huge heap of charcoal at one side, being prepared for use later on in the oast-houses, and here and there faint columns of bluish smoke rose lazily from it, and spired up into nothingness in the warm, still air. Beyond was a pile of wood, ready for burning, and beyond that again some stacks of hay, and a gate leading into a meadow. As I drew near the gate I noticed three or four people standing in the shadow of one of the stacks—a man, two women, and a young girl. The man was standing apart from the others, a smallish elderly man, with a clipped grey moustache and a thin weather-beaten face. He was dressed in a new, ill-cut suit of dark tweed, with a tweed cap, and he stood quite still, looking at the gate. He might have been cast in bronze, except that now and then I could see his gnarled fingers playing along the edge of his jacket nervously. He never raised his eyes or shifted his position in the

slightest when I passed. The two women stood together. One of them, tall, heavily made and awkward, was attired in a long coat of navy blue bound with black braid, and wore an incongruous, floppy hat of black straw encircled by large pink roses. She was leaning on the arm of her companion, and she kept dabbing her eyes with a ridiculous little handkerchief. The other woman, talking in a low, vehement voice, seemed to be consoling her. The young girl, her face eloquent of awe and curiosity in equal measure, loitered a few steps away. But none of the three seemed to notice the little man in the tweed cap at all.

I pushed the gate open and went into the field. When I turned round after refixing the chain, I observed a square, burly man coming towards me along the field path. He wore a straw hat, tilted on the back of his head, and a dark suit with a full-skirted coat, while a heavy gold watch-chain with seals attached bore further discreet evidence to his prosperity. His short black beard emphasized the squareness of his appearance, and linked him at once with his yeoman forbears. Obviously this was Mr. Knight. I halted, and as he drew near, he made a vague motion of greeting with one hand, the other being occupied in applying a large coloured handkerchief to his shining brow.

"Good arternoon," he said, breathing hard; "see'd you with Mister Graham this mornin', I think." I assented, and told him that I had just been to the farm and heard the bad news. "Ah!" said Mr. Knight, tilting his hat still farther back and coming gratefully to a halt, "it's a bad business." With a motion of his thumb he indicated the little man in the tweed cap, who still stood by the haystack, a few yards away, motionless and solitary, like a patient beast of burden. "That's the father," he said, lowering his voice a little. Instinctively we both glanced at the little man, who suddenly became aware of our scrutiny, and touched his cap. The gesture seemed half automatic; but there was something intolerably hurting in it, and I turned away quickly.

Later I went down to the pond and watched them dragging for the body. There were two policemen, in dark blue breeches and puttees white with dust, and a labourer or two in shirtsleeves. They paddled slowly to

and fro in an old punt, prodding the muddy bottom with a twelve-foot hop-pole, and making casts with an iron hook on the end of a rope. The boy was quite naked, they were saying, and it wouldn't be easy to get hold with the hook. The afternoon sun blazed down, and the tangled trees round the edge of the pond cast sinister shadows on to the sluggish water beneath them. A handful of villagers stood or sat round about, watching the policemen. Two or three schoolchildren, weary of waiting for something new to happen, had moved away into the shade of a hedge nearby, and were eating sweets from a paper bag with noisy gusto. Then I saw the little man in the tweed cap again, standing apart, motionless, inscrutable, insignificant—"the Father." I wondered what was going on behind that wrinkled mask of a face. I suppose he had reckoned on that boy for much of the comfort of his old age. He was a steady, promising boy, so they had told me, a clerk in the village post office; he might have done well some day, perhaps even become a postmaster—a good pension, too.

"Got 'im!" announced one of the policemen, suddenly, manipulating the pole with dramatic deliberation. "'Is 'ead's this end. Give us the 'ook, George. No, more to yer right—. That's the ticket—that's got 'is leg—now—gently does it——"

. . . . . .

It was late in the evening when I set out to walk into the village to pick up the car that was to take me into Maidstone; but it was still broad daylight. The sun, low in the west, threw gigantic shadows athwart the hop-gardens, and in the warm golden silence I found myself again half wondering whether I had not dreamed the little crude drama of that afternoon. And even as I wondered, a small, solitary figure came to meet me up the white road, trudging steadily through the dust—"the Father." I would much rather have avoided him, but it was impossible. As we drew level, he raised his bloodshot eyes for a moment to my face. I had hoped that he would not notice me, for I wanted to avoid any further intrusion upon his grief. But he recognized me; at any rate, his hand went up again automatically to the peak of his cap, obedient even then to the habit of a lifetime.

When Wordsworth Came to Town

By Germaine Lavie

I WAS at an auction recently that was being held in a small house in the country. Among the forlorn and docketed remnants of a family's happier days, the shabby tables and the chairs of which the springs had gone, there was a cupboard; and on the top of the cupboard was Lot 48, the one and only lot comprised of books. It contained four copies of the "Windsor Magazine," five volumes of an encyclopædia of a more casual and a less complicated age, and a little book with a calf binding cracking away from the back and peeling away from the corners—a book that had obviously seen an auction room before, since someone had once loved it well enough to have it bound and to stamp the title upon it in gold lettering. From the moment that I discovered that misused favourite the auction became for me a book sale. There was competition, since the village grocer had set his heart upon purchasing the encyclopædia, and the bidding rose by sixpences until he retired defeated, leaving me in possession of a badly-treated copy of "The Picture of London for the year 1808: a Correct Guide to all the Amusements, Exhibitions, Public Establishments and Remarkable Objects" in and near the London that Charles Lamb loved and that Wordsworth visited, travelling to it perhaps in one of Mr. Palmer's mail coaches, "provided with a Guard well armed and forwarded at the rate of eight miles an hour . . . the Rapidity of this mode of conveyance being unequalled in any Country."

"Wordsworth the great Poet is coming to Town," Lamb wrote to Manning in the year 1808. "He is to have apartments in the Mansion House." He must have found his lodging cold and dreary, for the "Guide," after displaying some remarkable enthusiasm in its description of the Lord Mayor's residence—which "if it stood on elevated ground with a fine Area round it proportioned to its Magnitude, would not be found deficient in Magnificence"—falls to an anti-climax in the last paragraph. "The interior of the Mansion House is more magnificent than comfortable and many of the Apartments

are very dark." A great man must suffer in silence the favours that are shown him. Although the magnificence of his apartment may have appealed to this particular country cousin, others less favoured but relying upon their "Guide," might have proved more fortunate in their lodging. "London excels in accommodation for temporary residents . . . in many of the finest situations at the West End of the Town are Hotels that even the spoilt Children of Fortune will not disdain either for their Lodging or Table. . . . In every eligible Street throughout the Metropolis are to be found private lodgings that are not equalled for cleanliness and other comforts by those of any other City of Europe." London to every true Londoner has always been the city of the world. This note of excessive pride occurs in every page of the "Guide." There are "Hotels chiefly for the accommodation of Families recently arrived" that might possibly be avoided by the experienced traveller who, fearing "the danger of drinking Bad Wine, the most common evil that a Stranger will find in London," would prefer to go to one of the principal inns at which the mail and stage coaches put up—to the "Golden Cross" at Charing Cross, which combines "all the requisites of an Inn, Tavern, Hotel and Coffee House with a good Larder and excellent Wines" (though here one fancies that a man would need to be "freely supplied with the universal medium of Exchange"); the "George" and "Blue Boar" in High Holborn; the "Spread Eagle" in Gracechurch Street; or to that hotel in Aldersgate Street, the "Cattle and Falcon," at which Peregrine resided while his mentor instructed him in all the "Frauds, Frolics, Manners and Depravities of the Metropolis."

But, says the "Guide," indignantly denying the rumours of these depravities, "Of all the things in London that fill the mind of the intelligent Observer with the most delight are the slightness of the restraints of the Police and the general Good Order that mutually illustrate each other. . . . Although a few Watchmen, generally old decrepit men who have scarcely strength to use the Alarum which is their signal of distress in cases of emergency, are the only guard against depredations, we have fewer Street Robberies than any Metropolis in England and scarcely ever a Midnight Assassination. . . .

This Phenomenon is not to be explained on systems of police but belongs to that happy union of moral causes which have planted deep in the poorest rank a love of order and a willingness to earn by industry the bread it eats." Our confidence in this reassuring statement is, however, rudely shaken by discovering that a stranger should arrive in town before dark for fear of being robbed on the highway by footpads; that he should beware of the men who hang about outside the inns awaiting the arrival of the coaches in order that they may make off with the luggage; of the address and nimbleness of pickpockets—" a man who saunters about London with pockets on the outside of his coat deserves no pity for the losses that he may sustain "—of the mock auctions at which plated goods are sold as silver; and of the advertising doctors, who are the most ignorant and impudent impostors. Should a stranger be in any way attacked or assaulted by thieves or others, " a cry of 'Watch' three or four times repeated will instantly bring up the assistance of several of the Watchmen and it is ten to one if the Thief or Assailant makes his escape." —numbers apparently prevailing over strength.

When Wordsworth came to town, the length of London was about seven miles, extending from Hyde Park Corner to Poplar. The breadth was irregular, being at the narrowest part not more than two, and at the broadest almost four miles. There were 887,956 persons living in the metropolis and its suburbs. Babies under two years of age were dying in their thousands, the adulteration of the milk being perhaps one of the causes. "In many of the Milk-rooms where the Milk is measured from the Cow-keeper to the Retailers, Pumps are erected for the express purpose of furnishing Water for the adulteration which is openly performed in the presence of any person who happens to be on the spot." Not content with this profit, remarks the " Guide " bitterly, the retailers lay an advance of cent. per cent. on the milk sold to the public. Besides providing for the profits of the milk retailers, the New River also supplied the water to Messrs. Whitbread & Co.'s brewery in Chiswell Street, where the machinery is worked by one of Mr. Watt's steam-engines. "We must not omit to mention in contradiction to a long but ill-founded belief that Thames

Water alone would make good Porter, that in this Factory the Water used is not from the Thames, but comes from the New River."

At that time the intercourse of London was so great and in itself so surprising that it seldom escaped the eye of the stranger. Three thousand wherries and boats passed beneath the three bridges over the Thames, and through the streets, "paved in a very compact manner" (beneath which ran the sewers that, communicating with the houses, carried off all filth into the river), rattled or rumbled a thousand hackney coaches, four hundred sedan chairs, gentlemen's carriages, licensed carts, wagons, drays, and other vehicles to the number of over thirty thousand. "In many other Cities the Streets are narrow yet are seldom impeded, that is, blocked up by Carriages and Passengers. The principal Streets of London are wide and airy, surpassing all others in Europe, yet this occurrence of being blocked up and stopped happens daily. . . . It may well excite admiration to go from Charing Cross to the Exchange and pass a double row of Carriages passing each other with scarcely an intermission, one proceeding eastwards towards the Bank, the Royal Exchange, the India House, the General and Twopenny Post Offices, the other westward to Westminster Hall, the Offices of Government, the Theatres, Bond Street, St. James, the Parks (Hyde Park, with its River), and the mingled objects of pleasure and business that attract the crowd. . . . The great Thoroughfare of London appears like a moving Multitude or a Daily Fair." And Charles Lamb, sitting at breakfast with Wordsworth (hackney coach fare from Cornhill to Mitrecourt Buildings, two shillings, unless the price of oats exceeds twenty-five shillings a quarter), might be overheard stammering the same story to his guest. "Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in for good and all than amid Skiddaw . . . the crowds . . . the very dirt and mud . . . the sun shining upon Houses and Pavements. . . . The Coffee Houses . . . the Pantomimes . . . London itself a Pantomime and a Masquerade. . . ." Then, discovering that the great man is no longer listening to him but is discoursing about his own past and future writings to Henry Crabb Robinson—who meanwhile observes him attentively, discerning "his moral purity, dignity, and

elevation of sentiment"—there can be little doubt that Lamb's enthusiasm would fade away into a subdued murmur of excuse for his hero: "But all these emotions must be strange to you." Let us leave the gentlemen sitting at breakfast while we turn to look at the life, the coffee-houses, the pantomimes, that are displayed in this masquerade, this picture of the London that Charles Lamb loved.

Here, in the foreground of the picture of the new opening at Westminster, is an elderly gentleman. He is fingering the lapel of his long-tailed cutaway coat. Wearing striped top-boots that meet his knee-breeches, and carrying a cane, he is escorting three elegant females, one of whom, the youngest, is wearing a broad-brimmed hat with a ribbon band framing her face. The ladies wear fichus swathed over their drooping shoulders, and their short-waisted organdi frocks are delicately raised two inches off the ground to display chaste white-stock-inged ankles. Or were they, at that juncture, pink? It is impossible, of course, to discover this in an engraving. As they are standing still and examining the Abbey with such attention that a coach-and-pair dashing over the cobbles with a postilion precariously swaying at the back of it fails to attract their notice, it is possible that they may be some of the strangers to whom the "Guide" extends its offers of instruction; in which case we might see them, later on, mingling with the moving multitude in the motley Strand on their way to visit the tomb of the great Lord Nelson, to whose memory it is proposed to erect a magnificent memorial, noticing as they pass through Fleet Street the two wooden savages that strike the quarters on the ancient clock of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West. But we think that they would need to drive there, although the "Guide" declares that the ladies of England, even of the highest rank, "are less feeble and helpless than many of the same class abroad."

What a variety of Eating and Coffee Houses the "Guide" advertises! Here are the *à la mode* Beef Shops and the Cook Shops where a complete dinner may be obtained at the low rate of one shilling; here is Dolly's Beefsteak Shop, where a steak will be found cooked in its highest perfection; and there, if mutton is preferred, is Betty's Chop Shop; while for meals of a more varied kind, but

still served at a moderate expense, there are the following eating-houses: the "Salutation," favoured by Lamb and Coleridge; the "Three Pigeons," the "Barley Mow," the "Cheshire Cheese," and many others. Surely at establishments with such names as these food must have seemed more attractive than it does in these days when those who would eat cheaply must perforce feed at a universal Lyons or an A.B.C. "Salop," that oleaginous beverage beloved of chimney-sweeps, may be obtained at Read's Coffee House in Fleet Street. There is, by the way, a Society for abolishing the method of sweeping chimneys by climbing boys. In the Coffee Houses east of the Temple Bar the merchants congregate. "Brookes" is reserved for Members of Parliament. Lawyers and other professional men, "who might be classed as Gentry were it not for a little peculiarity of habits and manners," gather together at the Gray's Inn or the Furnival's Inn Coffee Houses. Officers of the Army and of the Navy, when not actively engaged in warfare against our enemies on the Peninsula and elsewhere, will be found at the Hungerford Coffee House ("Good Wines"), while the Clergy frequent the Chapter Coffee House in Pater Noster Row and are provided with all the morning papers and the reviews.

Since we have thus arrived at the "Ephemeral Press, the Mirror where Folly sees its own likeness and Vice contemplates the magnitude of its deformity . . . it would be an Act of Injustice were we to omit to notice the gross abuse of public confidence and the imposition on credulity systematically practised by the Reviews which pretend to give critical opinions on the merit and demerit of new publications (there are about eight hundred new Books and Pamphlets regularly published every year in the Metropolis). While these professed Oracles of Literature spoke the language of good manners, their remarks on the contents of the Books they affected to notice deserved a qualified portion of the public confidence; but the race of scurrility in which they have lately begun to emulate each other, and the insults which they direct against the Persons and private Characters of Authors have rendered them a disgrace to the moral Character of the Country, a gross Abuse of the Liberties of the Press, a Scourge of Genius, and a Nuisance to Literature." Were ever critics more savagely criticized?

"The abuse of the Reviewing Art arises from the concealment of the writers; and while anonymous Criticism is tolerated, it is impossible that any Review should be so conducted as to be worthy of being read by any person possessed of common Honesty or ordinary Intelligence."

If the Press is the mirror of folly, the "Fine Arts are the delineators of men and manners. They represent the Actions of great Men, the Victories of the Brave, the Harmonies of Domestic Life and the Fascinations of personal Beauty with an effect at once pleasing and powerful." Among the ornaments of art the "Guide" boasts of a Lowtherbury, a Turner (R.A., Harley Street, who particularly delights in such subjects as the destruction of an army by an angel or a whirlwind), a Sir George Beaumont, a West, a Northcote, a Laurence, a Westall, a Beechey, a Fuseli (who sometimes seems to o'erstep the modesty of nature), and many a rising candidate to fame. "To the List of Historical Painters may not improperly be added the name of a Female Artist whose Pictures exhibit the species of History which is most consistent with Female Grace. We mean Miss Spilsbury, 10 St. George's Row, Hyde Park." Mr. Wilkie is a young artist believed to be a native of Scotland. Mr. Copley, R.A., is working at his house in Hanover Square. John Hoppner, R.A., is at Charles Street—"the greatest drawback upon his productions is that though they cannot be called copies from the Knight's (Sir Joshua Reynolds) pictures, they look very like imitations of them." Mr. Cosway has been long distinguished in the fine arts and eminently as a painter in miniature.

But enough of such serious matters. The wild beasts are waiting at the Tower to be visited—Miss Fanny, the ferocious lioness, and Miss Maria and Master Bobby, the leopard and leopardess from the East Indies. There is Mr. Pidcock's Museum over the Exeter Change in the Strand that contains a collection of beasts and birds that are not even exceeded in rarity by those of the Royal Menagerie. It was at this museum that the lion—probably the lion named Victory who was whelped in the menagerie on the memorable 1st of August, 1798, the day on which Lord Nelson obtained the glorious victory at the mouth of the Nile—failed to come up to the ideal standard of Master William

Wordsworth. There are the rivals, the "King of the Conjurors" and the "Emperor of all the Conjurors," whose entertainments should not be missed; and every patriotic Englishman would surely wish to visit the Panorama at Wigley's Royal Promenade Rooms, since there may be found accurate views of the town of Boulogne, "which give a very adequate idea of the preparations carried on for the annoyance of our Enemy, the Explosion Bomb Vessel and the Immortalité being represented as engaged with some of the enemies' Boats." "The Capital of England is not celebrated for the number of its Places of Public Amusement, but that defect is compensated by the moral Worth of some and the Splendour of others."

It is at the evening spectacles, when the new gas lamps have been lit in the principal streets, that the ghosts begin to flutter in this daily fair. At the fashionable institution in Argyle Street—"exclusively established for the use of the Principal Nobility, *Procul este profani*"—theatrical representations, balls and masquerades alternately succeed each other in elegant variety. Here, and at the Harrison and Barthelemon Vocal Concerts, and at the Concerts of the Academy of Ancient Music, may be heard the "charming Vocal Efforts of Singers of Firstrate Excellence." Here the inimitable Billington pours out the magic sweetness of her voice. She is pre-eminent amongst her rivals, Catalani and Mrs. Dickon of the English Opera, for the delicacy of her taste and her sound knowledge in music. Here Braham, the principal gentleman singer, plays down to his public: "Braham continues to receive the Applause with which his Exertions have been successfully crowned, and his abilities would entitle him to the Highest Admiration, did he not so continually sacrifice True Taste to a desire to please the Ignorant. Nothing is more easy for a man of his powers of execution than to add a profusion of what is falsely termed Ornament, and he ought therefore to despise it. With more Simplicity he would be more worthy of Admiration." Braham's desire to please the ignorant was well rewarded, since the ignorant carried him to an everlasting fame. "The little Jew has bewitched me," wrote Charles Lamb. "I follow him as the

Boys followed Tom the Piper. . . . I was insensible to Music till he gave me a new sense. . . . Braham's singing, when it is impassioned, is finer than Mrs. Siddons' or Mr. Kemble's Acting, and when it is not impassioned, it is as good as hearing a person of fine sense talking."

Drury Lane is lit by candles. Cast-iron candelabra, fluted and silver-lacquered, and resting on elegantly executed feet, support the boxes. Brilliant cut-glass chandeliers are suspended from branches that project 3 ft. from each pillar. The audience may see themselves reflected pleasingly in the circular mirrors that are placed on each side of the dress-boxes near the stage. Upon the boards of Drury Lane, Elliston, not yet manager, is one of the principal male performers; far ahead are the days when he will be put to play in comedy. Here is Jack Bannister playing the Coward. Here are Dowton and Braham, Johnstone, Wroughton, and others. Mrs. Jordan is here outdoing her joyous parts by her plaintive ones; and here is Mrs. Powell, not yet Mrs. Renard, in the pride of her beauty. Mrs. Mountain and Mrs. Storace are also amongst the principal females. On the boards of Covent Garden, Kemble is delivering brilliant dialogue and flagging sometimes in the intervals of tragic passion, and Munden is fighting with his own shadow. Here in the full radiance of her glory is Mrs. Siddons, "Our Melpomene." On Easter Monday, Astley's amphitheatre will be open for equestrian feats; the Vauxhall Gardens and Sadler's Wells will open on that day also. . . .

But this is still the winter season, and we have left our gentlemen sitting too long at breakfast. We shall overhear Mr. Wordsworth sighing that "the world" is too much with him as he makes his way back to the Mansion House, leaving Mr. Lamb to complain bitterly (as he did after one of the great man's later visits) that he has been over-poeted.

For myself, I find it hard to forgive the original purchaser of this little book, even though he has been dead for many years, for the crime that he committed when he set out upon his journey to London in 1808, in tearing out the "Map of the principal Streets of the Metropolis" to place it "in an inner Pocket for convenient Reference."

The Essentials of a Film

By R. D. Charques

WHATEVER the proper function of the film may be, and whatever the motives of those engaged in the film industry, the art of the films, in common with most other arts, is designed to give pleasure to a number of people. If one asks what sort of pleasure, it is hard to reply at once; like a good many other sensations, pleasure is easier to experience than to describe. On analysis, however, it appears in this case to be of a composite variety; roughly speaking, it seems to be made up of the kind of pleasure to be got from literature and the kind of pleasure to be got from the visual arts. Like drama, the film attempts to provide the vicarious emotional experience that is, all things considering, one of the fundamental human needs; like painting, it attempts to provide the visual satisfaction that is one of the major æsthetic needs. And yet what the film actually provides is an interest of an entirely individual and independent character. How much, for instance, did one's appreciation of films like the early *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* and *Warning Shadows* owe to a feeling for drama or painting?

For films are not made by a simple combination of the processes of drama and painting. The conventions of the screen are allied to other artistic conventions, but an art is distinguished, not by its conventions, but by its medium; and the medium of the film is peculiarly its own. Plays are written, pictures are painted; but films are manufactured. The making of a film is a protracted, elaborate and complicated affair. Various kinds of specialists or technicians—scenario writer, lighting expert, art director, actor, camera man, and so on—contribute to the finished product shown in the cinema. The co-ordination of their labours, the most responsible part of the entire business, is the work of the film director. It is he who is said to " make " the film; its characteristic appeal depends very largely on the effects he wishes to achieve.

What are these effects? They vary, of course. There are, let us say, the products of Hollywood on the one hand, and the impressionist experiments of the abstract or absolute film on the other. For practical purposes, however, Hollywood affords a pretty fair test

of the uses to which the screen is actually being put. The essential aim of the average "silent drama" is precisely the aim of spoken drama. Like a play, it sets out to enact a story; in something of the fashion of the Victorian "problem picture," it employs a visual medium for literary ends. The conventional film, reversing the artistic evolution of earlier ages, which substituted hieroglyphics for pictures and an alphabet for hieroglyphics, is content to substitute pictures for words—but still with the idea of maintaining the strictly narrative purpose of the theatre. It may offer in addition visual interest of a kind prohibited by the physical boundaries of the stage, but this use of the spectacular is only incidental to, not inherent in, its method.

Therein, of course, lies the main obstacle to the development of film art. So long as the story-telling motive is allowed to dominate the method of the film, the cinema can yield nothing better than an emasculated copy of film art. Mere pictorial embellishment of a sentimental theme, for example, is useless. The cabaret scenes, the chariot racing, the palatial interiors, the pageantry, the rescues from flood and fire—these spectacular effects are hardly a compensation for the lamentable subservience to the method of the theatre.

The main problem with which the film (still, as one tires of saying, in its infancy) is confronted is, needless to say, how to evolve a purely cinematographic means of narration; how to create a technique of visual drama which owes as little as possible to the illusion of the theatre and which has a wider and more immediate humanity than that of the fine arts. The problem is, in essentials, wholly a question of technique. In trying to exploit the artistic capacities of the screen, it is not enough for Hollywood—or Elstree for that matter—to favour either the type of drama (*The Covered Wagon*, *Ben Hur*, *Moulin Rouge*, etc.) which lends itself to spectacular treatment, or the type of spectacle (*Fire*, for instance) which has an intrinsic dramatic appeal; the camera and the story may still be at odds for the greater part of the time, since there is no necessary connection between literary and pictorial values. And the whole justification of film technique lies in its ability to discover a set of conditions in which these values are identical—in which, that is to say, the rhythmic

progression of images flashed upon the screen conveys equal satisfaction to the visual sense and the imagination.

Here it may be useful to digress for a moment. A story is best told in words—nothing will alter that while language lasts. Hence the appearance of the " talking picture," a quite logical development of the story-telling " silent drama," but none the less a travesty of the essentials of cinematographic art. The " talking picture," which succeeds in transferring to speech the burden intended for visual pantomime, provides the clearest possible indication of the dangers of naturalism in the cinema. For, although certain sound effects in the film (of which the musical accompaniment is the most valuable) are doubtless legitimate in the same sense that " noises off " in the theatre are legitimate, an unceasing realistic accompaniment of sound is highly dangerous to the illusion of the screen. Instead of stimulating perception, it may easily deaden it. Nothing, in fact, tends to destroy the illusion of maidenly charm or passionate love on the screen more effectually than the sound of the young lady's voice or of the endearments she utters. The plain fact is, of course, that the art of the film is conditioned from the first by its being as it were inarticulate. So far as the element of drama is concerned, each " shot " is entirely a matter of transmuting thought into the pictured act, of converting words into plastic images, of visualizing the unspoken idea. Silence alone imposes the discipline of art upon the film, and to ignore this fact is to ignore the truth that the closer art approximates to naturalism, the more surely it ceases to be art. The magnates of Hollywood, who plainly mean to continue with their vast preparations for " sound " films, can doubtless afford for a time to ignore this truth and many others; those whose interest in the films is not a commercial one cannot.

What, then, is essential to a film? The abstract virtues of intelligence and imagination will be considered in a moment. These apart, it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the character of film art is in the main determined by purely technical factors, and is therefore a subject for practical demonstration, not for argument. (It is because all that is really relevant to film-making is of so technical a nature that discussion of the subject is difficult.) The decisive quality of a film is its rhythm,

which is determined by (*a*) photography, in which must be included a dozen highly technical and mechanical considerations; and (*b*) the final editing, or "cutting," of the film. If the importance of rhythm—alternation, pace, duration, variety of the "shots"—is adequately realized, one may proceed with the general question of intelligence and imagination. There are two qualities of visual experience, one may say, which are vital to the film. The first is achieved by fantasy of theme. The second proceeds from the power of suggestion in pictorial composition.

It is hard to exaggerate the importance of fantasy. Film technique began to be properly understood only as the result of the example of the early Ufa films like *Dr. Caligari* and *Destiny*. It was not merely the beauty of the fantastic "sets" used in these films which impressed the cinema-goer with the limitations of naturalism, however magnificent. It was their enormous psychological value. The idea of presenting the strange, lovely, terrible hallucinations of a madman in the pictured form in which they occurred to him was sheer inspiration. Here was authentic pictorial art on the screen for the first time. The difference between Mr. Griffith's *Intolerance*, let us say, and *Dr. Caligari* was the difference between mere lavish realism and symbolical vision. One was only a translation into the visual, the other was conceived in original visual terms. The effect of these German films was tremendous. Slowly it dawned on the Hollywood director that he was appealing to the mind through the eye, and that it was his business to provoke, startle, tease, capture the eye before the mind could respond with any interest. Hence, amongst other things, his enthusiasm for cabaret shows, the American equivalent for romantic fantasy.

Whether or not fantasy supplies the whole narrative theme of a film, an element of fantasy is indispensable to the method of the film. Its function is to provide the film with a psychological motive that can be expressed in purely pictorial forms. Think, for example, of the dramatic force of the magnificent circus scenes, irrelevant to the main realistic flow of the story, of *Vaudeville*. (Russian film art, it may be remarked in passing, has substituted propaganda for fantasy.) An edifying moral

or a philosophical idea is not an alternative to fantasy. This can be illustrated by the lesson of two pictures directed by Herr Fritz Lang. *Metropolis*, beautiful and exciting here and there as pictorial fantasy, was incredibly dull as sociology. *The Spy*, on the other hand, as infantile a piece of "crook drama" as was ever imagined, was irresistible for the sheer beauty and the cunning and ingenuity of its fantastic scenes.

Finally, there is the force of suggestion in pictorial composition, analogous to the art of not saying too much in literature. There are several means by which the film conveys dramatic illumination with the minimum of pictorial comment. A film like *Warning Shadows*, made entirely without sub-titles, demonstrates clearly enough that verbal comment is unnecessary. What it also demonstrates, however, is the gain to truth achieved by pictorial suggestion instead of pictorial statement. This has since been exemplified in a dozen other films, notably *A Woman of Paris*, directed by Mr. Chaplin, in which film there is in particular one very subtle and celebrated instance of suggestion—the search for a pocket handkerchief to portray the relationship of protector and mistress. Reticence of this kind is invaluable, since it yields the spectator the most delightful pleasure in his own perspicacity. And, as with human behaviour, so with its setting. It is perhaps most essential of all, in order to sustain visual alertness in the darkened cinema, to avoid the complete photographic illusion of scene. The studio "set" once revealed, the effect of thereafter leaving parts of it to the imagination—in darkness, or in lesser illumination than the rest—is not only to provide the additional stimulus of the interplay of light and shade in the black-and-white medium of the screen, but to strengthen the illusion of actuality. For, so far as a film is concerned, the most potent element in visual experience is the associative element. Much might be written from the film-goer's point of view about the power of emotional association evoked by visual suggestion. But one fears it would be too much to expect the average film producer, ridden by preposterous notions of "what the public want," to pay any attention to this aspect of his job. And any further conclusions on the subject of what is desirable in a film are unfortunately qualified by this fear.

Obsession

By C. J. Eustace

On his tenth birthday Raban Rubinoff had a silver watch given him. It was a handsome gift, and the silver was hall-marked. It was a very massive affair, and the solid chain which went with it had a clip on which he fastened the key. For Raban's watch had belonged to his grandfather, and was old-fashioned and unique in design. When his grandfather died in Poland, the watch went to his son Samuel, who was Raban's father.

And now Samuel was dead, and the watch had come down to Raban. They had kept it for him until his tenth birthday, his widowed mother considering that he was, at that age, able to take care of it. Rebecca, his sister, showed him how to wind it up. First you lifted up the massive back, inserting your finger-nail where there was a special groove. Under this there was another cover upon which was engraved in Hebrew characters a little inscription. Translated it meant . . . "During thy lifetime I shall give thee faithful service."

The Rubinoffs had emigrated from Poland some years ago, and lived, at the time Raban received his watch, in a very poor neighbourhood in a big city in America. Their house was only one of a long row of dingy looking dwelling-places, a region of starved cats and pregnant women. Fat women with shawls over their heads swept the doorsteps clear of snow in winter. In summer they sat on the same steps suckling their babies in comfort, openly contemptuous of the horrified glances of the passers-by.

Raban's room was in an attic under the slates of the roof. Originally this attic had been designed as a lumber-room, for the Rubinoff's house was a large one, the quarter at one time being the residential part of the city. His room was wretchedly cold in winter, for not only did the wind come in through the slates, but blew up through the boards on the floor. Unfortunately in

the summer the room was equally hot, although it was above the stench of the fetid streets.

Raban wound up his watch regularly every night for five years, before he realized the significance of the words on the inside cover. Then one day a fearful thought occurred to him.

He had just wound up the watch, and had replaced the key on the end of the chain, when there came a great shouting from below his window in the street. He peered out of the narrow aperture and saw a crowd gathered round a motor-van. Now they were lifting someone out of the road, all gabbling and gesticulating together.

It was an accident. . . . Someone had been hit by the van. He dashed downstairs, and out into the road without his coat. He saw Ivan Narofski amongst the crowd and pulled him by the arm.

" Who is it ? Who is it ? " he exclaimed breathlessly.

Ivan turned thick lips over his shoulders.

" It is the widow Karen's child. It is dead."

Ah . . . ah—he strained forward, and just succeeded in catching a glimpse of the little body, the waxen face with a little trickle of blood coming out of the mouth. Ah . . . ah—the widow Karen's child was dead.

When he went upstairs to his room again, the first thing which caught his eye, lying on the barren packing-case which served as a dressing-table, was his watch. It had a loud tick, and for a moment he stared at it, listening. Tick-tock . . . tick-tock . . . tick-tock . . . one-two . . . one-two . . . one-two . . . it never hurried. It was just like the beating of his heart. So steady, never varying. And if it stopped ticking, you could take it to the watchmender, and he would make it tick again.

Suddenly Raban thought of the little girl . . . the widow Karen's child. Her little heart had stopped for ever, and no watchmender could ever make it go again. It was a fearful thought. And it made him look at his watch in a new light. Why, it was an evil thing. It kept on ticking like that always. It never stopped.

He picked it up in his hand, and the cold silver sent shivers through his body. Tick-tock . . . tick-tock . . . tick-tock, inscrutably, relentlessly it ticked.

"You'll last longer than I will, you little devil," he whispered to it. "Long after I am dead and cold you will be ticking. And yet you were given life by a man. And a man can make your heart tick again. But no man can make my heart go, once it has stopped."

This was such a terrific thought that he stood, holding the watch in his hands for some moments, lost in thought. Then he undressed and crawled between his thin blankets. During the night he woke up several times, and the first thing he heard always was the ticking of the watch.

As he grew older, the watch became a symbol of stability to Raban. When he was depressed, or things were going hard with him, he found solace in taking out his watch, in holding it to his ear, and in hearing the steady beating of its little heart. Never wearying, always faithful. He began to love his watch. The winding-up became the most sacred ritual of his day. He never forgot once, and the watch always kept good time.

When he came of age, Raban followed his father's profession, and kept a delicatessen store. When he was twenty-five years old he married Anna Pomerantz, daughter of old Levi Pomerantz the burlap merchant. This, the most important event in his life so far, was celebrated with joyful enthusiasm. It is true that Raban spent his honeymoon working in the store, for business was hard to get in those days, but Anna kept on coming down from their room above to peep at him. He found himself buoyed up with a great happiness.

But here his first difficulties began. Anna objected to the loud ticking of his watch in their room. She was accustomed to sleeping in perfect quiet, no doubt on beds of burlap. And the little life pulse of Raban's watch disturbed her. But this was one thing he would not do—he would rather sleep without his wife than without his watch. So, although Anna remained with him, they were estranged.

A year after Raban married her, Anna had her first baby. It was an anxious time for Raban. He had actually not given much thought to the event until it was almost about to happen. Only then did he realize that Anna was about to give him a child—his child, his

very own, flesh of his flesh, blood of his blood. And how he hoped that it would turn out to be a boy. . . . Then he began to be anxious, and his anxiety was pitiable.

Outside the room into which the old Jewish midwife had gone three hours ago, Raban paced backwards and forwards. Ten steps along the corridor one way, and ten steps back again. At the end of every two or three minutes of waiting, he took out his watch and gazed desperately at its inscrutable face, as if he expected to find the solution to all his worries there. But the watch merely ticked on, and ticked for another sixty minutes before a loud wailing cry broke the silence of the house, and announced to Raban, and to the world at large, that another Rubinoff had emerged into the world.

After that event the watch became even more sacred to Raban. Constantly, at all times, he made use of it. Just a glance at its sphinx-like dial, and he could recall any happening of importance in his life. He became reassured. So reliable, so steady . . . always faithful. The watch became a symbol of life to Raban, of his own life. When he wanted to remember anything he had enjoyed particularly, any little incident in his unromantic existence which smacked of glamour, any little moment of beauty which men even as prosaic as Raban sometimes glean from the common round, then all he had to do was to take out his watch, and hold it to his ear so that he could hear the steady beat of its little heart.

Ah . . . ah—his dear little watch. So smooth, so round, so bright, for he had got into the habit of polishing it now, so that it shone like burnished platinum. His little watch—why, it brought back memories of the first time he had met Anna, and of the unaccustomed glow of romance he had felt then. And of the birth of his first boy, Reuben, which had been one of the great moments of his life.

As the years rolled by, Anna bore him many more children. But after Reuben's arrival there was no further excitement in the fact of their coming. And Anna grew sour and bad-tempered with the years. Alas, he loved his watch better than Anna now.

Raban did not make a great success out of the store. When he was sixty, he handed the active management of

it over to Reuben. They were very poor and had to live sparsely. All his other children were grown up now. Some of them were married already. Anna was white-haired, but after the fashion of her race she wore a wig, which belied her wrinkled face and pinched nostrils. Raban wore a long beard now, and his eyes were a little dim. As he grew older, he began to think a great deal of his watch, and the inscription on it. To whom should he give it when he died? It was so completely a part of him that he could not imagine it in anyone else's hands.

One day he was walking home from a visit to the store, when a terrible thing happened. Two men stepped out from behind a fence and held him up. They both carried revolvers, and while one of them threatened Raban with his gun, the other began to rifle his pockets.

Raban was not frightened. He recalled, as he concealed a smile of triumph, how he had emptied his pockets of the few dollars he possessed before leaving the store. He had left them there at Reuben's request because they were short of small change in the shop. These thugs would get little of value from him.

And then suddenly he remembered—his watch.

"Ah—no . . . no," he cried, and made a sudden grab at it as one of the thugs filched it neatly from his pocket. "Not that, gentlemen, anything but that, I will give you money—ten—twenty dollars—but give me back my watch."

"Keep quiet—damn you," snarled one of the men. "Another word—and I'll pump you full of lead." And as if to emphasize the force of his words he dug Raban brutally in the stomach with the butt of his gun.

They left him stripped of everything he had except the ring on his finger, which somehow they had overlooked. Of value? Why, there had been nothing of value except his watch. And they had taken his watch.

Slowly, dreadfully he began to realize what his watch had meant to him. When he reached the store, and dragged his weary old feet over the threshold, the familiar surroundings seemed to mock him. This was no home without his watch. Everything appeared out of perspective. Anna, Reuben, his children seemed strangers. He was lost, abandoned, a feeble old man with no further

interest in life. A great desolation entered his soul. He ate nothing that night, nor did he sleep at all. In the middle of the night he started up in bed, listening for the ticking of his watch. But only silence hemmed him in—silence and the heavy snoring of his wife by his side.

When he had first told Anna, she had telephoned straight away to the police station. They had laughed at her. What could they do? A stolen watch? And such "hold-ups" as she described were common in that quarter of the city. They could do nothing.

A week went by, slow hours of agony for Raban. Anna began to be afraid for him. She could scarcely coax him to eat. His grief was pitiable. Occasionally, for a few minutes, he would forget. But then she would catch him making a little movement towards his waistcoat to look at his watch, as he used to do so many times a day. The slow realization of his loss was heartrending to see.

Lying awake on his bed at night, Raban thought of the words on the inner cover of his watch. "During thy lifetime I shall give thee faithful service." Well, he was alive, and the watch had failed him. Somehow into his distorted, wandering mind the thought persisted that the watch had failed him. It was not serving him now. It had betrayed him, and he was helpless without it.

And then one day, one glorious day, he saw it again. It was in the window of a pawnbroker's. There could be no mistaking it. The massive thickness, the familiar dial, the substantial chain with the key on the clip. It was his . . . his watch.

Scarcely able to control the trembling of his body he entered the dingy premises. A smell of old newspapers and mice assailed his nostrils. A shrivelled up old man with a hawk-like face peered at him from behind a gloomy counter. The dust of countless years draped everything. It seemed to have fallen on the old pawnbroker, covering his skin so that it shone, the colour of old parchment. He wore an ancient skull-cap, and he rubbed his hands together as Raban approached him.

"I want to buy that watch in the window," Raban said in Hebrew. "I will give you five dollars for it."

Ah . . . ah—five dollars. That would keep Anna and himself for a week. But it could not be helped. He must have his watch.

The pawnbroker continued to rub his hands together, a thin, hissing sound proceeding from between his half-closed lips.

"The watch is worth ten dollars."

"All right, I will give you ten dollars for it."

With trembling fingers Raban reached for his wallet. Slowly, painfully, begrudging every cent, he counted out ten one-dollar bills. He had two dollars left in the wallet when he had paid the old pawnbroker. Anna and he would have to live on that that week. The bargain was completed. Still making that peculiar hissing sound with his lips, the pawnbroker reached for the watch in his window. He had a stick with a hook on it, and with this he hooked the watch, as if he were landing a fish, and placed it on the counter. Raban snatched at it.

Ah . . . ah—his watch. All his own again. The cool feeling of the silver; the familiar weight of it; the inscrutable look on its massive face. And its little beating heart. Its heart? He held it to his ear, and listened in vain for the familiar ticking. No sound came. It was ticking no longer. It had stopped. Its little heart was no longer beating.

He carried it out of the pawnbroker's shop, and walked feverishly along the street. Now and again he stopped, holding the watch to his ear, shaking his head. It had stopped. It would not tick. It had failed him after all. It was dead. Ah . . . ah—it was dead. Dead like the widow Karen's child had been so long ago. But no—this was different. A watchmender! After all a man could make its heart beat again. It was not dead. It was just asleep.

And so muttering, mumbling, holding the watch and its dangling chain in his hand, he pushed his way through the thickening crowds in the street. He was getting into the shopping district.

Blindly, with only one purpose in mind, he crossed the road. And just as he reached the other side, someone jogged his arm, and the watch and chain went flying,

like a streak of silver through the air, to fall with a tinkling sound on the hard stone. Ah . . . ah—a thousand little pieces of machinery lay scattered over the sidewalk. All its little muscles, and arteries, and nerves, and its little heart—just a heap of twisted steel.

Helpless, bewildered, struck dumb by the suddenness of the thing, the old man stood motionless by the side of the road. And then one piece of the machinery seemed to separate itself from the rest, and rolled jocularly into the centre of the street. It was the shining inner cover with the inscription on it. He made a grab after it—to save it from the merciless wheels of the traffic. And even as his fingers closed on it, there came a hoarse shout from behind.

. . . . .

"Who is it? Who is it?"

An errand-boy on the outskirts of the crowd pushed his way forward. But he was short, and the people about him were all craning their heads forward to see them lift the body into the police wagon. The crowd dispersed quickly. Only a couple of policemen remained, sprinkling the road with sawdust where the accident had occurred.

Inside the wagon two men sat over the body. One of them had witnessed the accident.

"Damned old Jew," he said hoarsely. "Just shows what greed can bring you to."

"It's gripped so hard in his fingers you can't even loosen it now," said the other, and drew back the blanket so as to expose the tightly clenched hand of the old man.

They both bent over to examine the inscription on the piece of silver. But as it was in Hebrew, neither of them could read it, and they turned back the blanket again over the body in disgust.

In a Boarding-house

By Muriel D. Blanckensee

THE room was crowded with a hundred things
Ugly and pitiful. The very walls
Were yellowish-white and stained — like white-born flowers
Withering to their death—and overstrewn
With garish pictures that hung jostled there,
Awry in tarnished frames. Curtains of cloth,
Dust-laden, clung across the window-panes,
So that the sunlight, blocked from entering,
Faltered and turned away. Cheap ornaments
Simpered in pink and blue and daubs of gilt—
The futile gropings of a little soul
After the beauty that it could not reach,
Save to make travesty.
Then suddenly
Across the room a tide of music swept
From the old shrill piano, yellow-keyed;
And they who listened stiffened unawares
Against the feeling pushing up in them
To meet the passion of the pulsing notes.

Withered they were, the women who had place
In this backwater room. They were no kin—
Had wandered here by diverse ways. And yet
Something still bonded them: some hopelessness,
A sense of life behind a closing door,
A brittle bitterness that overlaid
The crumbled things beneath. And as the notes
Swelled to an olden tune of old desire—
Driftwood of sea-wrack dreams tossed on the tide,
Flotsam and jetsam, scraps of splintered spars—
Something flowed back to them and they remembered,
Thinking each one of her life's crowning day.
The querulous, thin faces softened then,
The sagging, fallen mouths were tremulous.

These women, all unmarried and grown old,
Dwelt on the hour when they had come most near
To that which never was to be for them.
And one among them, with her fog-grey hair
Still threaded through with gold, had many thoughts
And long. For many were *her* driftwood spars
Of memories. But suddenly she turned

Towards a cripple there, thinking: "This one
Can have nothing to hold to or remember,
This crippled one!" And pity stirred in her.
The other smiled in secret, for she knew:
Knew the mute pity, and the thought that lay
Beyond it. And she smiled. Because she, too,
Had had her crowning day . . .

Once, she had been
Out in an evening garden, listening
To the quick, foam-flung music from the house
Where there was dancing. And a man came there
And looked at her awhile with a long look,
And whispered: "But your eyes are beautiful . . ."
Before he passed from her.

The trembling notes
Of the old piano dropped to silentness.
But still the listeners sat remembering:
Each, of one radiant hour; and one, of many;
And one heard but a voice like rustling leaves
In the hushed quiver of an evening garden,
Whispering, "But your eyes are beautiful . . ."

Release

By Enid Clay

LIKE a dark room—
My heart was, till you came,
And all its inmost gloom
Lit with your sudden flame.

Like a sad child
My body lay awake.
Out of the night you smiled
That I my rest might take.

Like a dead thing
My soul was stark and cold.
You made a flowering spring
Where all was sere and old.

My room is full of light—
My body rests in peace—
My soul has found its sight—
A prisoner gains release.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Old Masters

Heddle had been glancing carelessly through the evening paper when a headline arrested his attention.

"Listen to this, Sar'nt," said he. "Another masterpiece lost to the nation."

"Go on," replied Sergeant Murphy. "Let me know the worst."

"A seventy-thousand pound Goya——"

"That's a cheese, isn't it?"

"No," replied Heddle indignantly. "A famous painting. Sold to America by the Duke of Timberlake."

"You don't say. A Goya, too. Well, isn't that the divil's own news?"

"There ought to be a law," said Heddle with severity, "to stop these things from going out of the country."

"What? Another law? Don't you think it's hard enough to keep the ones we have already?"

"You'd think," went on Heddle, "that a man like the Duke of Timberlake wouldn't care to let an heirloom——"

"I know what you mean," said the Sergeant. "As an art-lover that's contint with the custhard advertisemints on the hoardin's you're broken-hearted at the thought of this fellah's—What's his silly name agen? Goya—Goya's mastherpiece emigratin' to America. Now tell me this. Did you ever hear of Goya before?"

"Well, not exactly."

"And how do you know this work of his is a mastherpiece?"

"It says so in the paper."

"It also said," remarked the Sergeant drily, "that Hankow would win the three-thirty today, which it didn't. But the fact that somebody is willin' to pay seventy-thousand pounds for it shows that the paintin' must be thought a good wan. All the same, I'm not goin' to have a sleepless night over our loss. What's wan Goya? Why there must be thousands of thim waitin' to be discovered. Not a day goes by but some pathron of the arts discovers a lost mastherpiece in a dark alley. Wan time it's a panel in the wall of a

four-ale bar: another time it's hidden beneath a still-life study of a middle cut of salmon or a plate of fruit. I've no love for the ould masthers. Their women are generally overweight, to my taste. But I'll say they were no slackers. More like picture factories. For hundreds of years people will be findin' throw-outs of every wan of thim.

"Now why shouldn't the Juke sell his picture, if he wants to? It's his, isn't it? It wasn't the nation bought it originally; it was his ancestor. And if the nation doesn't think it worth while spendin' seventy-thousand pounds in keepin' this dago's picture in England, let the Americans have it."

"It ought to stay here in an art gallery," said Heddle.

"Maybe it ought," said Sergeant Murphy, "though I'm not so sure about that. There's such a lot of bilge talked about paintin's and statues. Leave out art critics and artists, and there's not wan person in fifty can tell a mastherpiece from a dud. Most of thim march through an art gallery at the regulation quickstep of a light infanthry battalion, and thank the Lord whin they're collectin' their umbrellas at the enthrance hall. They take art as they do a blood mixture. Between ourselves, art galleries are nowadays most popular with courtin' couples that find the lights in the picture palaces too glarin' and obthrusive.

"As for the art critics—why there's a fellow in Italy has been turnin' out a job line of medjeeval statues that have been accepted as mastherpieces be some of the best critics in America. Often they have to put a paintin' under the third degree, and have it X-rayed and analysed be a row of scientists before they can tell if it was Michael Angelo or Michael Sullivan that produced it. And if the work of a jobbin' painter, house or scene, can get so close to that of the great masthers, why all the fuss about the Rubenses and the like?

"A word in your ear, Heddle. There's a young masther at work today, and I can enjoy lookin' at his handiwork more than I can that of all the ould masthers that ever lived."

"Who's he?"

"Why the fellah that did Britannia on the new wan-pound notes."

A Musical Reverie in the Alps

By R. W. S. Mendl

THE bond between music and nature has always proved difficult to define, because music is not an imitative art except in those isolated and unimportant cases in which the sounds or rhythms of the external world are susceptible of direct musical representation. Apart from these, music may be appropriate to, but is not literally descriptive of, the scenes or incidents of nature. Daquin, Beethoven, and Delius have reproduced the actual notes of the cuckoo which we could recognize without the aid of verbal explanations. But the rhythm of the brook which murmurs through the slow movement of the Pastoral Symphony; the thunder of Bach and Beethoven, of Rossini, Berlioz, and Bliss; the starlit night which de Falla has painted in the gardens of Spain; the cascade in Richard Strauss's Alpine Symphony; the rustling of leaves in "Siegfried"; the flowing waters of the great river in "Das Rheingold," or the crackling flames of Wagner's Fire-music: these are all suggestions, rather than copies, of the objects which they represent. We should not recognize the images, if no visible or literary clue were given to us; but once that is available, the music heightens the picture and adds greatly to our pleasure in the contemplation of it; and conversely, our enjoyment of the music itself is increased by our knowledge of the objects which the composer had in mind.

The connection between nature and music which such examples as these afford may be subtle and intimate. Yet there is, I believe, a more profound relationship, which I confess to having noticed only recently on returning to the Alps after a long absence. As compared with the arts of painting and sculpture, music is remarkably aloof from the rest of life; they depict persons and landscapes in a directly imitative fashion to which music at most only approximates; and the same applies to

many branches of the art of literature—to the drama, for instance, to the novel, and to lyrical and epic poetry—all of which employ the language used by men and women in communicating their thoughts and emotions to one another. But music, like architecture, is a peculiarly independent creature—and perhaps even more so than architecture, which both originally and intrinsically is bound up with religious observance or with practical utility. Music, even when it is most emotional or illustrative, moves in a more solitary and exclusive world than any other art, and in this lies its unique affinity to nature. Nature is spread before us, a self-sufficing entity; to ask why she is beautiful is absurd; no explanation of her wonderful appeal is required; her processes are in one sense simple, in that science can account for them; yet their very simplicity and the beauty of her sights and sounds are the most bewilderingly mysterious facts in the whole of our experience. The attraction of music, too, is ultimately inexplicable; theorists may expound the technicalities of harmony and rhythm and instrumental colour, but in so doing they are only touching on the fringe of things, just as the scientist does with nature. Music and nature are elusive forces, the true character of which lies beyond the power of analysis or of verbal description.

In the Alps this bond between music and nature is more clearly felt than elsewhere. In the lowlands or on the plain, among the cypresses of Northern France or the dripping foliage of Buckinghamshire, nature is gentle and tender and civilized; the delicate emotions of Chopin and the quiet homeliness of Haydn's string quartets are there, and so far we are content, not seeking to know aught beyond the simple beauty of things which lie close to our touch and approximate to our daily lives. But among the mountains it is different: nature has no other experience to offer comparable to this, unless it be the roar of the waves against some lonely, rocky coast; man here feels himself a puny thing amid the vastness which surrounds him; yet he is not—or should not be—overpowered; for he realizes that he is a part—albeit a small one—of the immense universe, and his attitude is one of communion with his Maker; he

may not be willing to admit this, if he be not a religious-minded individual; but consciously or unconsciously, the sense of direct contact with a power infinitely mightier than himself is present to him in a unique degree when he is amid the mountains. The greatest music of the world is like that, and the contemplation of the Mont Blanc range is in that sense akin to a tremendous musical experience. No other art can do this for him, because none other is so separate from the remainder of men's activities; music is not, of course, divorced from every-day life, but it is peculiarly independent of it—it does not draw its very essence from the rest of existence in the way that painting, sculpture, and fiction do; and in this, perhaps, lies the explanation of that curious discrepancy between the man and artist which we find in some of the greatest composers.

So when we speak of the music of the Alps, we mean not the rush of torrents, such as attracted Strauss, nor the seductive sound of the cowbells, which might have charmed another Nocturne from Debussy, but the majesty of the great mountains themselves, which, in music, corresponds to Bach and Beethoven at their mightiest or to Delius in his most mystical moods. Again, if we say that the Aiguille du Dru, piercing the very heavens with its sharp, vertical point as we gaze up at it from Montenvers, resembles the sword motive from the "Ring," flashing brilliantly on the trumpets, or that the Grandes Jorasses, crowning the Mer de Glace with their tremendous ramparts and buttresses, might be the Castle of Valhalla risen again from the flames of "Götterdämmerung," we can only mean that these vast mountains create for us a mood or an impression which, in the musical world, would appropriately be expressed by those motives of Wagner. This kind of relationship does not differ essentially from the definite associations which the composers themselves intended in the forest murmurs from "Siegfried," the "brook" movement in the Pastoral Symphony, or the other instances which I have mentioned. But when the summit of Mont Blanc is seen above the clouds after sunset, glimmering in the afterglow like some mystic island of another world on high, and when I say that this apparition has an effect

upon me comparable to that of Bach's "Incarnatus" in the B minor Mass, I am touching upon a rather different sort of connection. That music is not in any sense "appropriate" to the sight of Mont Blanc; it was inspired by an idea which presents as great a contrast to an Alpine view as anything could do, and it is ideally suited to its subject. It could never convey to me a picture of the mountain, nor does the latter correspond to it in any definite way. It is difficult to believe that a view so wondrous and unearthly as that distant glimpse of Mont Blanc can be due to purely physical causes; the mystery of the beauty which God in that moment sent down from Heaven to the world below has a kind of affinity with that most beautiful of all mysteries which consisted in His sending His own Son to walk the earth as man and which Bach miraculously suggested in his music.

This is not an isolated example. In a sense it is typical of the music of the Alps. To Wordsworth:

> The meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

But Nature's grandest manifestations do even more than this; they seem to reveal the infinity of the universe, just as it was vouchsafed to Beethoven to do in the "Cavatina" of the B flat quartet or the opening bars of the Ninth Symphony. Such passages as these are, indeed, the mountain peaks of music, and only the greatest minds can give them to us.

Seasonable Fare

By Horace Shipp

Adam's Opera. By Clemence Dane. (Old Vic.)
Mrs. Moonlight. By Benn W. Levy. (Kingsway.)
The Rose and the Ring. By Christabel Marillier. (Apollo; later at Playhouse.)

As I write Christmas stands yet a full fortnight away, and the theatre has not spread its full board of Christmas fare. *Mr. Pickwick*, which promises to be the main dish at the feast, has yet to come; *Peter Pan*, and *Where the Rainbow Ends* and *The Windmill Man*—annual comers all three—are also yet to be. The old pantomime scarcely finds place in London at all; the Lyceum Theatre still clings to the tradition, and the Scala contributes *Cinderella*, but one suspects that youth has grown too sophisticated, and only in far suburbs does the form persist. The Children's Theatre promises a version of *Dick Whittington*, and as the Children's Theatre seems to be the only place in the Western world where children are not adults at about the age of eight that show should be entertaining.

Happily, however, a spirit of pleasantly irresponsible comedy gets abroad into the theatre during December—comedy, not of social manners and the too-reiterated triangles, but of fantasy and fun. Over at that extreme where it is almost frankly catering for children, we have such a piece as Mrs. Marillier's adaptation of Thackeray's *The Rose and the Ring*, with its delightful, if inconsequent and episodic story, its pleasant music, its exquisite settings and costumes, and its whole air of grace and charm; at the other, where children will make an excuse for adult enjoyment, we have such pieces as the Quintero's *A Hundred Years Old, Dr. Knock* (alas, only with us for a short season, but what an amusing play it is!), or Mr. Levy's self-styled "pastiche" *Mrs. Moonlight.* All these have some almost indefinable air of Christmas about them, something akin to the jokes and sentimentality of the occasion. Most interesting of all the productions, so far, Miss Clemence Dane has given us at the Old Vic a queer, fascinating pantomime-morality called

Adam's Opera. Here truly is pantomime evolving into the serious play, or perhaps one should say that it has evolved so far that Miss Dane did not dare to call her piece "The Sleeping Beauty," for she has embroidered the original stuff of that fairy tale with a whole philosophy.

Adam's Opera is extraordinarily good philosophical fantasy. One dares to tell its story because its charm lies in the working out, and because such telling does not spoil one's appetite for it. Adam, with his friends, Tom Fiddler and Tom Tiddler, breaks through the briars and finds the castle of the Sleeping Beauty. Tom Fiddler is an artist, a rather little artist who could never quite reawaken Beauty; and Tom Tiddler, well, Tom Tiddler is, as we all know from the old singing game, the owner of Tom Tiddler's ground where we pick up gold and silver, and by that token the symbol of Big Business. Adam revives Beauty, and thrilled by her kiss goes forth to conquer the world in her name. But in wakening Beauty he has roused others: Mrs. Grundy, who complains, and Solomon Grundy, who stands for the old traditions; and from the cellars come the awakened masses, Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor, and the rest; and from their corner where they play eternal Westminster Bridge, those three parties who take their game so seriously. So while Adam conquers the world, the old intrigues undermine his work; he himself is so busy that he forgets Beauty, and Tom Tiddler sets the masses against him, so that when at last he returns, he is stoned to death, and Beauty returns to sleep with the people back in their cellars sleep-walking through their duties and the kingdom paying dividends to Tom Tiddler.

It is all very ingenious and fascinating. Miss Dane and her musical collaborator, Mr. Richard Addinsell, have pressed into service one after another of the old nursery rhymes and singing games, giving their characters and words a bold significance as a parable for our times, and made of it all a lovely and jolly apologia (and a warning) to the idealist. At times both the thinking and the methods of presentation become confused, and one wishes that Miss Dane had clarified her ideas, and kept them simpler and fewer. One wishes, too, that the

production were more frankly stylized to bring out the quality of this interesting piece. The Old Vic is to be heartily congratulated, however, in this excursion from its usual programme; Miss Dane's play is a real People's Theatre piece, and its spiritual home is at the Old Vic.

In *Mrs. Moonlight* the author, who began his career with the Shavian and cynic wit of *This Woman Business*, plunges for sheer fantasy and sentiment. It has ingredients which will probably charm many playgoers, not least of which is a series of costumes of 1881, of 1898, and of our own time. It has sentiment the most saccharine; it has Mr. Leon Quartermain demonstrating the art of stage make-up as he grows older before our eyes; and it has Miss Joan Barry looking very pretty and wistful in her period dresses.

Its failure as fantasy illustrates one of the many pitfalls of that form. Mr. Levy starts with the assumptions of magic in his idea of the woman who wishes over her charmed necklace for an eternally youthful appearance, and, her wish granted, realizes that it has made her a freak who must fly from her successive lives as a young woman growing older at heart beneath her outward youth and beauty. The difficulty here was to unite this one element of magic with the approximately normal naturalistic world, and Mr. Levy failed to overcome it. There were amusing scenes : a proposal scene in the 1898 period which was delightfully humorous was particularly good. But always the mind of the spectator was asking "Why?" and "Would they?" those other questions, the mere posing of which is fatal in the theatre. So much of the material, too, was wasteful, adding nothing to the development of the idea. If Miss Clemence Dane's piece tends to carry too many ideas, Mr. Levy's has far too few, and to eke out its material is filled with irrelevancies. It is well produced, and it is well acted. Mr. Bligh Chesmond, as the dull young man of the proposal, gives an excellent performance, and Miss Francis Ross-Campbell a delightfully dry character study as an old Scotch nurse, beside the quite good work of the principals. But fantasy is an exacting mistress, and has not yet been successfully wooed by the author of *Mrs. Moonlight.*

Books

LITERARY ESSAYS

LITERARY ETHICS: A STUDY IN THE GROWTH OF THE LITERARY CONSCIENCE. By H. M. PAULL. Thornton Butterworth. 15s.

THE publishers in their description of this timely book suggest that the author's ideals are "austere." To me they merely indicate the course of action a gentleman would naturally prefer and practise. There is not a word too much of rebuke, and one might easily say more about the things done in literature and journalism today by people who complacently talk of advance. There has been advance in certain ways—notably in the disuse of Billingsgate—but the standards of decency and truth (which may include honesty) are often ignored. Within recent years a paper has been fined £1,000 for gross interference in a murder case; the printers of salacious details of divorces have been restrained by law; a book of scandalous memoirs has been bought up and burnt by a disgusted old lady; and consistency of any sort has yielded to the desire for the largest circulation. To print what the largest crowd is going to shout next day is good business. Mr. Paull has illustrated with admirable fullness his "literary crimes" and "misdemeanours," which include forgery, piracy, the use of living characters in fiction, the "ghosts" who write what the great man signs, and the interfering ways of editors. Forgery of substantial works has now gone out, but it flourishes in the invention of letters by the eminent dead. Genuine letters of the sort, even when the author's family or friends do not desire it, can be sold and seen without infringing the copyright law. Piracy on a large scale is also rare; nowadays, as Balzac said, we don't steal pocket-handkerchiefs, we steal ideas; and it is curious to see the avidity with which one book or paper copies slavishly the successful features of another. There is much to be said for signed instead of unsigned work; but the competent editor with anonymous contributors has his advantages. Can you, for instance, print your verdict that a close friend of yours has written a very bad book, sign it, and hope to retain his friendship? As for the whole question of anonymity in books and the invention of non-existent persons, surely an "unknown and nameless correspondent" is never taken seriously. Scott's answer about the Waverleys as detailed by himself was sufficient to hint that he might well be the author. Mr. Paull offers some very sensible suggestions for the revision of copyright. The law and the courts have done singularly little for writers, and have always lagged behind the best opinion. A question of ethics which frequently arises today is the reissue of well-known poets in

editions posing as complete, but not including the author's latest work or corrections. The Church does not come out well with its mangling of hymns and addition of inferior verses to a poem like Newman's "Lead, kindly light." These things are small, however, in comparison with Bartlett's prudish doctoring of verses he pretended to reproduce in his "Dictionary of Quotations." He actually altered Wordsworth's "not in utter nakedness" to "not in utter darkness," which does not even scan. "Ghosts" are notoriously frequent today and scandalously used, even by men of position. I do not understand the reference to Acts vi, 3, and the alteration of "me" to "ye," for which a printer is said to have received £1,500. "Ye" is correct and still stands in the text, A.V. and R.V., and how could "me" suit the Apostles speaking in the plural? Mr. Paull is a little careless about names—e.g. "Barrabas"—and sometimes too brief to be fair, but his book is sound and might well be read by all professional wielders of the pen.

V. R.

THE UNDERGRADUATE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. From Wordsworth's SOCIAL LIFE AT THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. Stanley Paul. 18s.

DR. WORDSWORTH won the Le Bas Prize at Cambridge in 1871 with his essay, which has been revised, abridged, and rearranged by Mr. Johnson. It is a good specimen of wide research, though it can hardly be called gay in style. For the end of the eighteenth century Cambridge has the invaluable book of Gunning, but Oxford lacked any such record till Tuckwell's admirably written "Reminiscences of Oxford" appeared. Dr. Wordsworth, however, gave specimens of the wit of both universities, which now, it must be confessed, wears a very faded air. The undergraduate was rowdy because he had no zeal for learning (then at its nadir) and no organized sports. Classical jokes will hardly be widely appreciated today, but there are several quaint details of manners and dress; and documents like the Rules and Statutes of Hertford College in 1747 supply a good deal of information on the life of the day, finance, chapels with a 2d. fine for absence, servants, noblemen, and the disputations which came before the examination system was in force.

We cannot praise Mr. Johnson's introduction. He quotes two well-known rival epigrams on the preceding page and makes the comment, "Alter tempores, alter mores"!—three howlers in four words. He should have stuck to French, which has apparently influenced his strange attempt at Latin. The publishers should not have let such slovenly learning pass into print.

BOOKS

ANTHOLOGIES

AN ANTHOLOGY OF "NINETIES" VERSE. Compiled and Edited by A. J. A. SYMONS. Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 7s. 6d.

SUITABLY clad in a cover recalling "The Yellow Book," this well-selected anthology will be sufficient for most of the younger generation. Mr. Symons in his introduction deals fairly with the merits of the group and their present lack of favour among readers. Pater was their prophet; and if their work followed his in being somewhat overwritten, that is better than sloppy lack of form. Their technique is always good. Often one poem by a writer strikes a note of sincerity lacking in the rest of his work, and some of the less-known writers, like Michael Field, have done notable things. With others, like Mr. Lawrence Housman, the poetic impulse was a thing of youth, fading with later years. It should be added that there is nothing shocking in the collection to an age which has gone far in sensual revelations.

PRESENT-DAY PROSE. Chosen by E. A. GREENING LAMBORN. Sidgwick and Jackson. 3s.

THERE are not, it appears, enough prose anthologies for school use; so this one should be a success, as it brings English up to date with selections from sixty-three authors, most of whom are writing today. Mr. Kipling and Mr. Shaw, who were asked, refused to be represented. Otherwise Mr. Lamborn has cast his net wide and got in a fairly representative muster of prose. A number of selections are concerned with the writers' theories of their art, a subject of no particular interest to the young. Literature, like the English people, is getting too towny, and though we appreciate the variety of the theories illustrated, we should have been glad to see more of the work of good writers on Nature like Mr. George Dewar. Mr. Wells alone, we notice, appears in two sections. Widely popular as his writing is, he is not a master of prose rhythm.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS

LETTERS AND LEADERS OF MY DAY. By T. M. HEALY, K.C. 2 vols. Thornton Butterworth. £2 2s.

MR. HEALY is evidently a careful man as well as a master of tactics, for he is able to quote a large store of letters which make his account of Irish efforts and troubles convincing. In spite of several odd characters in the Home Rule movement, the narrative might grow tedious for a public indifferent to history if it were not supported by a number of good stories. Mr. Healy has a memory for gravity-removing incidents and recalls much of that Irish wit which brightens a life of danger. He has himself been in prison, and as Parnell's secretary and supporter had no easy

part to play. He notes Parnell's superstition and weakness for women. The association with Mrs. O'Shea was going on before Parnell's intimates knew of it, and at one time he was ready to throw the Irish cause over for her sake. Redmond, crabbed by the Dillonites, is put down as lacking the daring and dominant mind required for a leader. Of English politicians in Ireland, Gerald Balfour wins the highest praise. Morley is dubbed the "Grand Old Maid," and there are several vivid glimpses of notable Parliamentarians of the past. Curious details are given of secret history and the rise and fall of leading Irish papers, while several notable figures are convicted of wavering. Among the illustrations is one of "The Timm," with the note that "this prickly, biting little animal is about the cleverest of them." Mr. Healy had need of all his wits to counteract dirty tricks, lying, and shocking disloyalty. It is not surprising that an Irish M.P., urged to stand again, replied, "I would as soon take a bath in a sewer." Honest and charming gentlemen stand out in this crowd. Mr. Healy has misdescribed one of them, Henry Butcher, as a professor at Cambridge.

PIONEERING IN POVERTY BAY (N.Z.). By PHILIP T. KENWAY. Murray. 7s. 6d.

THE author went out to New Zealand, we gather, in 1882, to get a freer life, and found plenty to do in the busy work of making a sheep station. He says that he cannot idle, and he clearly turned his hand with considerable aptitude to the jobs of the pioneer, from bush-felling to sowing, clearing and fencing, and firing when undesirable stuff had to be cleared. All these operations are described with breezy humour, and the author has also a keen eye for personality in men, horses, and dogs. He deals, too, with the settlers' various pests, often introduced by some unthinking sentimentalist. We have seldom seen a book so packed with practical wisdom gained at first hand, and the narrative is diversified by the story of several engaging crooks and early experiences in motoring, when one had the fun of breakdowns unknown today. It was a fine life in a beautiful country, as the author's photographs show, and he breaks through his English reserve occasionally to appreciate it.

HISTORY

ELIZABETH AND ESSEX: A TRAGIC HISTORY. By LYTTON STRACHEY. Chatto and Windus. 15s.

NOT all who enjoyed Mr. Strachey's Queen Victoria will derive as much pleasure from his study of the only other woman who as sovereign added by her personal quality to the greatness of our national story. In his handling of Victoria he struck a

note scarcely heard before by the generality of readers, whereas in his presentment of the Tudor monarch he does little to alter the views of anyone acquainted with the perennial controversy over Elizabeth's nature—political, moral, or physiological. The opening surprise, for a good many readers, will be to hear that Essex was the Queen's first cousin twice removed, and the step-son of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester; the next, that Mr. Strachey should accept as proven the story that Elizabeth stinted the victuals of the men of the Armada. On the very next page he libels womanhood at large in "explaining" Elizabeth's tergiversations. "Only a woman could have shuffled so shamelessly, only a woman could have abandoned with such unscrupulous completeness the last shreds, not only of consistency, but of dignity, honour, and common decency, in order to escape the appalling necessity of having, really and truly, to make up her mind."

As to the vexed question why Elizabeth, so keenly responsive to attractive men, never married, the author has little more to reply than had the late Major Hume, whose books are named among his authorities. If the answer he gives is right, as it probably is, there was a tragedy in the Queen's life such as few human beings are fated to endure.

There is no finer passage in the book than that which describes her final disillusion concerning the utter worthlessness of the pretended affection of Essex, who had "betrayed her in every possible way—mentally, emotionally, materially—as a queen and as a woman—before the world and in the sweetest privacies of the heart." It should be said that the author discredits the familiar story of Essex and the Queen's ring.

Apart from these two, Bacon and Burleigh are the principal actors introduced, and their portraits are strikingly painted.

Those who have lately read Mrs. Woolf's "Orlando" and now read "Elizabeth and Essex," will find that some of the more striking pages of the novel might be inserted in the historical study almost without arousing surprise. The experiences of Orlando with the same queen were those of Essex himself. On the library shelf, moreover, the two books, in form, planning, and partly in illustration, might pair comfortably together!

The pictures in Mr. Strachey's book are well chosen.

W. H. H.

WELLINGTON. By THE HON. OLIVER BRETT. Heinemann. 15s.

MONSIEUR CLEMENCEAU has recently stated that Wellington was a mediocrity. But he was regarded by his contemporaries with more respect, and even adoration, than anyone showed for any of the leaders in the Great War. Mr. Brett has written an unemotional realist life with no frills and no flowers. Like his

great rival, Arthur Wellesley was not a success at school or as a young man; he matured slowly, and it was not until 1798 in India that he showed his real worth. That common sense which was to serve him so well later in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, led to his victories at Argaum and Assaye. Yet he wore the reputed sword of Genghiz Khan, presented to him by a female magician after Assaye, in all his subsequent battles. For nearly three years he was in England, where he married, entered Parliament, and even became Chief Secretary for Ireland before he sailed for Portugal in July 1808. His subsequent career is part of the history of England, and Mr. Brett in an eminently sensible and interesting narrative explains his hero's acts without concealing his defects or over-estimating his virtues. He was worshipped by Englishmen in his old age and after his death because he was so eminently the plain, blunt character the English trust and love; no mere cleverness ever reaches their hearts. He was opposed to all sentiment and theatricality and his favourite authors were Clarendon, Gibbon and Adam Smith. His private life was bleak, owing to his great reserve; he had few real intimates, and he did not get on well with his wife or his sons. But his great sense of duty made him the Nestor of his country and Tennyson's great ode was not an undeserved tribute.

FICTION

THE MOUNTAIN OF TERROR. By HUBERT S. BANNER. Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.

MR. BANNER'S story concerns a manufacturing estate in Java, a small group of English, a scheming half-caste girl, and a crowd of natives. Being familiar with his materials, he is strong in local colour, and the mutterings of discontent with which he begins develop into a fine series of thrills at the end. The wicked are devoted to destruction, and the usual romance is brought through long misunderstandings to a happy end. The natives are effectively done, but the whites are by no means so convincing. The flippant flapper strikes us as more lifelike than the hero. He, however, may be a success because he follows stereotyped lines.

CRITICAL DISCUSSIONS

FORM AND STYLE IN POETRY. By W. P. KER. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

IN all probability Professor Ker intended to work over and revise the verbatim reports of his lectures which form the body of this book, but the busy life of a scholar gave him no chance, and we have them approximately as Dr. Elsie Hitchcock took them down in the lecture theatre. The unity of subject and the ever-present personality of the man, therefore, rather than any conscious

literary form, give shape to the volume. Advantageously or otherwise, the individual pieces come to us with that air of thinking aloud and working out self-posed problems which was so fundamentally Professor Ker's method. Illuminating in flashes, often inconclusive, exalting the tentative to a system, proceeding by a method of trial and rejection through varying hypotheses, but without necessarily reaching a definite conclusion, these papers nevertheless tell us more of their subject than would those of any hide-bound academician setting out to mould the facts of literature to his theory. Professor Ker will try out a number of approaches to his subject: Is poetic form the story element, or the theme element, or the language in itself, or the structure of verse and stanza? We explore each possibility with him; accept, reject, make our exceptions, generalize, particularize. The case is still proceeding when we close the book, but we have seen a scholar's mind playing over our classics, and that is reward enough. There is an intriguing donnishness about the author's limitations; one has the impression that he has never heard or read the name of the Sitwells or Humbert Wolfe.

HOGARTH LECTURES: LYRICAL POETRY FROM BLAKE TO HARDY. By H. J. C. GRIERSON.

PHASES OF ENGLISH POETRY. By HERBERT READ.

THE STRUCTURE OF THE NOVEL. By EDWIN MUIR. The Hogarth Press. Each 3s. 6d.

THE Hogarth Lectures set themselves the task of treating literature as a live interest of the ordinary person and a force in modern life, whilst they also deal with it as scholarship. This series is thus designed to provide readable books which remain textbooks; guides alike for the general reader and for the teacher and student.

The three volumes to hand admirably serve this purpose. Professor Grierson's book is one of a type with which we are all familiar, and shows an appreciative mind working over the actual writing of a number of poets, comparing their styles, outlooks, and matter. It says good but never startling things, and one tends to speak of it in terms of the schoolboy's denial of cribbing that he hasn't yet written anything one does not know. Mr. Herbert Read's volume is more theoretical; and, coming as it does from a writer with a frankly modernist outlook, is provocative in many of its assertions. It is thus excellently fulfilling the purpose of the series. One could think of no more suitable book to recommend as the textbook for a study circle; its range is wide and its definitions and decisions, even when we disagree, lead to further examination of a fascinating subject. Mr. Edwin Muir's study of the structure of the novel has the same provocative and comprehensive quality. With the unending spate of fiction one is

seldom able to stand back and analyse it sufficiently to see the abstract literary form. Mr. Muir has done this, and again, though we argue, we shall study from a clarified viewpoint. This clarification at moments seems almost absurdly elemental, but Mr. Muir is determined to start from fundamentals, and fundamentals tend to look like that.

GENERAL

THE BOOK OF THE BLACKHEATH HIGH SCHOOL. Edited by MARY C. MALIM and HENRIETTA C. ESCREET. The Blackheath Press.

WE are not so pessimistic about education as those who know little of its breadth of view in recent years. Blackheath had, thanks to the courage and enterprise of its founders, the first high school with buildings specially designed for it, and the various sections of this book, covering a wide range, show the solid advance achieved since 1880. We do not look so much to examination results, though these have their value, as to the evidences of vitality and training all round. Education, in our definition, is the best means of enabling people to make the best of themselves and everybody else, and a great part of it is the enthusiasm abundantly shown and passed on by the teachers and the taught. The Old Girls' Association is an important factor in maintaining this feeling, and it is active at Blackheath, where a lawn-tennis match, Past *v.* Present, has been played yearly for some time.

All the contributors to the book, except a former member of the school staff, are old pupils well qualified to speak. A Scholar of Girton deals with "Games" from 1880, and a Scholar of Newnham with "Science." The enterprise of the place appears in the constant acting of plays, which was unheard of in many first-rate schools a generation ago. But we think other girls' schools had got past the difficulties about male attire felt at Blackheath in 1890. Academic successes in "Modern Languages," where women shine particularly, have been numerous. Dancing and gymnasium work have developed to an extent which would have shocked the stiff Victorian, and "Games" are now regarded as a definite part of "Physical Training."

We are far, indeed, from the time when Sydney Smith wrote on "Female Education" and explained that daughters were kept "to occupations in sewing, patching, mantua-making and mending," and expected, as their main occupation, to be "compassionate from eight o'clock in the morning till twelve at night." The freedom of modern life for women is shown by the fact that the old girls of Blackheath include theological lecturers, inspectors of schools, an adviser of the Labour Party, two members of the Bar, and several women distinguished in art. The literary record is not so good, and the teaching favoured

by the Board of Education is, we think, capable of improvement. If girls concentrated on letter-writing instead of essays, which are quite beyond their powers, something would be gained. A period of nervousness, naturally enough, was the aftermath of the war, but this has been overcome. The lists of old girls with their children shows the thoroughness of the school historians, and incidentally the decline in motherhood since the war. We observe in one of the most up-to-date contributions "the steady growth of the Fiction Library," and hope that the taste of the choosers rises above the temporary repute of disgusting "best sellers." It would be no loss if books had to stand the test of five years before being included. Perhaps some censorship is exercised; it certainly seems advisable.

THE LAND PIRATES OF INDIA. By W. J. HATCH. Seeley Service. 21s.

THE Kuravers of Southern India, with whom this book deals, are probably of Tamil extraction, though the precise origin of this curious tribe of hereditary criminals is uncertain. Unlike the Thug of seventy years ago (whose motto was " kill, then rob "), the Kuraver is a thief first and foremost; he commits murder only in the last resort, and then simply to escape exposure and punishment. With this limitation, however, his religion decrees that he shall live by theft, and the more daring his exploits, the greater the legitimate pride evoked in himself and his fellows. He is a group-thinker, combining considerable mental power with a remarkable memory, and all his coups are framed on the co-operative principle. Something of a sportsman, with a strong sense of tribal loyalty, his skill in planning a crime is only equalled by his impregnable silence when confronted with the law.

His ingenuity is proved by the misfortune which befell a police officer whose conduct had displeased the local members of the tribe. This gentleman awoke one morning to find himself and his cot in the middle of the compound, with all his bedroom furniture arranged neatly around him! Indeed, these light-fingered folk have raised the sense of touch to a fine art; by judicious tickling with a feather they will induce a sleeping man to roll over on his side until the sheet on which he lies has been abstracted from under him.

Of the life, customs, and superstitions of the Kuravers Mr. Hatch records many interesting things; and their cleverness is enshrined in the Indian saying (of a Kuraver woman), " having stolen the fowl, she bewails its loss with the owner."

The problem of turning these hereditary robbers into honest citizens is clearly a difficult one: especially in a country where the aid of religion may not be invoked by the Government. Yet we gather that, in the author's opinion, the task is not hopeless.

As a whole, the book is a useful addition to our knowledge

of that vast complex of creeds and races which we think of as "India." It is illustrated with photographs, and contains a map showing the incidence of criminality in the Madras Presidency and an adequate index.

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY. Dent. 2s. each.

"EVERYMAN" is well past its 800th volume, and continues to give us good things. "Castiglione's Courtier," translated by Hoby, and "Sir John Mandeville's Travels," belong to a period when English was at once noble and naïve and translations are better in style than the originals they represent. "Madame Bovary" has the advantage of an introduction which considers all Flaubert's work. Sir Arthur Keith tells us that Darwin's "Origin of Species" is by no means out of date, though some of its conclusions have been developed or modified. The "Dictionary of Quotations and Proverbs" in two volumes gives more than 5,000 quotations from the widest possible sources and includes living writers like Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett. While we recognize the industry and research of the compilers, we can hardly regard their work as anything like complete. Johnson's "Triumph of hope over experience" in a second marriage is missing; so is Browning's "Oh, the little more, and how much it is!" which is often inquired for, and his wife's "Every common bush afire with God." George Eliot deserved more attention for her maxims, especially those of Mrs. Poyser; and is not some of the poetry of Emily Brontë quoted today? Pater has found a place, but there is no word of his famous purple patch on Leonardo's "Monna Lisa."

The latest instalment includes some attractive collections as well as familiar classics. Mr. John Hampden has made a good selection of "Eighteenth-Century Plays," including Fielding's *Tom Thumb the Great, George Barnwell,* and *The Clandestine Marriage,* an effective piece in which Garrick took a hand and which shows that the drama of the period was not entirely devoted to the sentimental comedy derided by Goldsmith. FitzGerald's "Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyám" in the first and second editions and his "Plays from Calderon" figure in one volume. Miss Ferrier's "Marriage," a first novel, has some excellent fun and character in it. "A New Book of Sense and Nonsense" is admirably catholic in its scope, ranging from Marryat and the "Ingoldsby Legends" to living practitioners of jest like Evoe and Mr. Wyndham Lewis. Hazlitt's "Plain Speaker" is at the top of English prose in its gusto and vigour, and here has notes as well as a good introduction. Defoe's "Tour through England and Wales," 2 vols., ought to be popular, for it is full of odd and interesting details, things which, as he says, other writers have not noticed.